

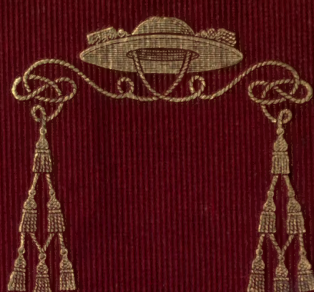
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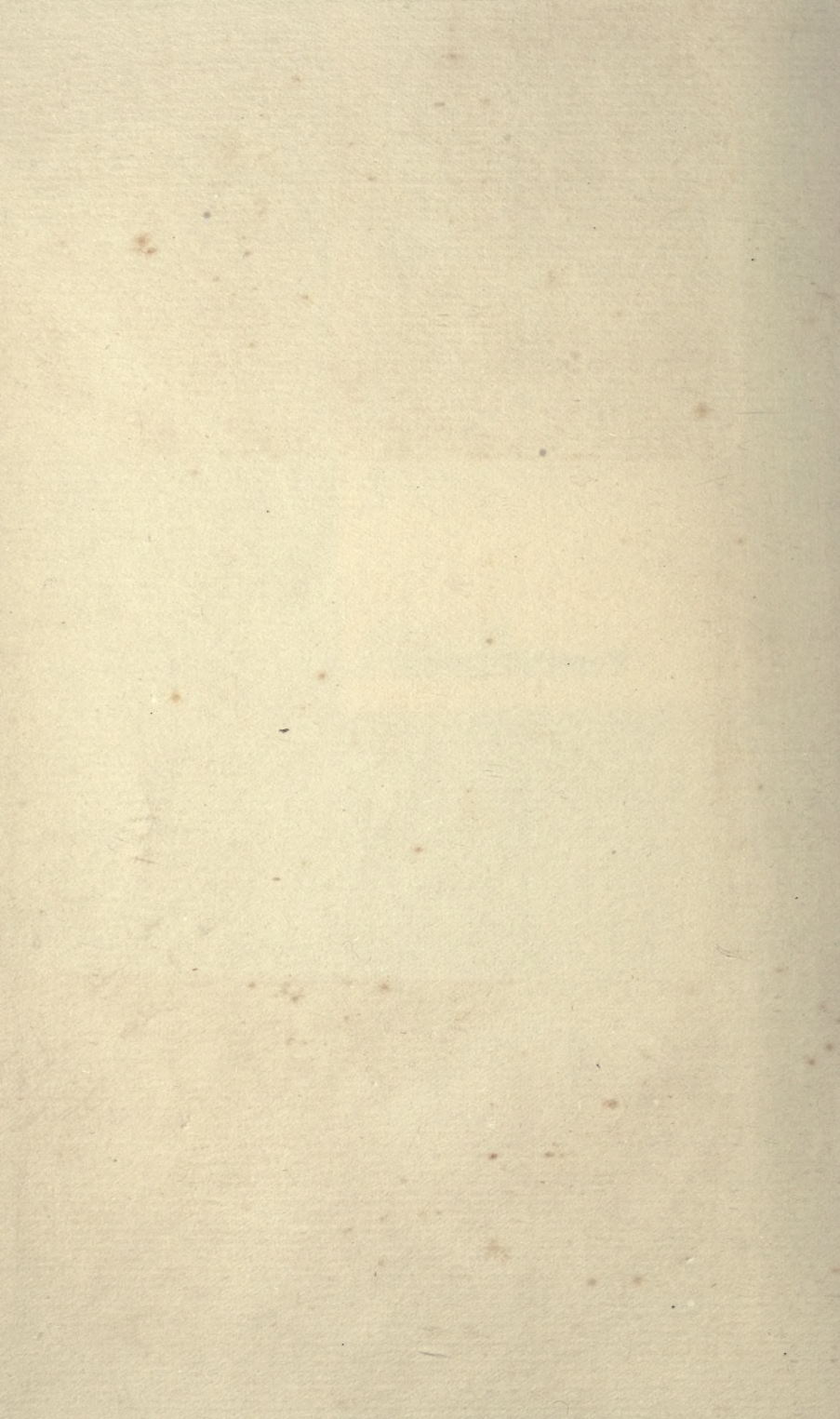
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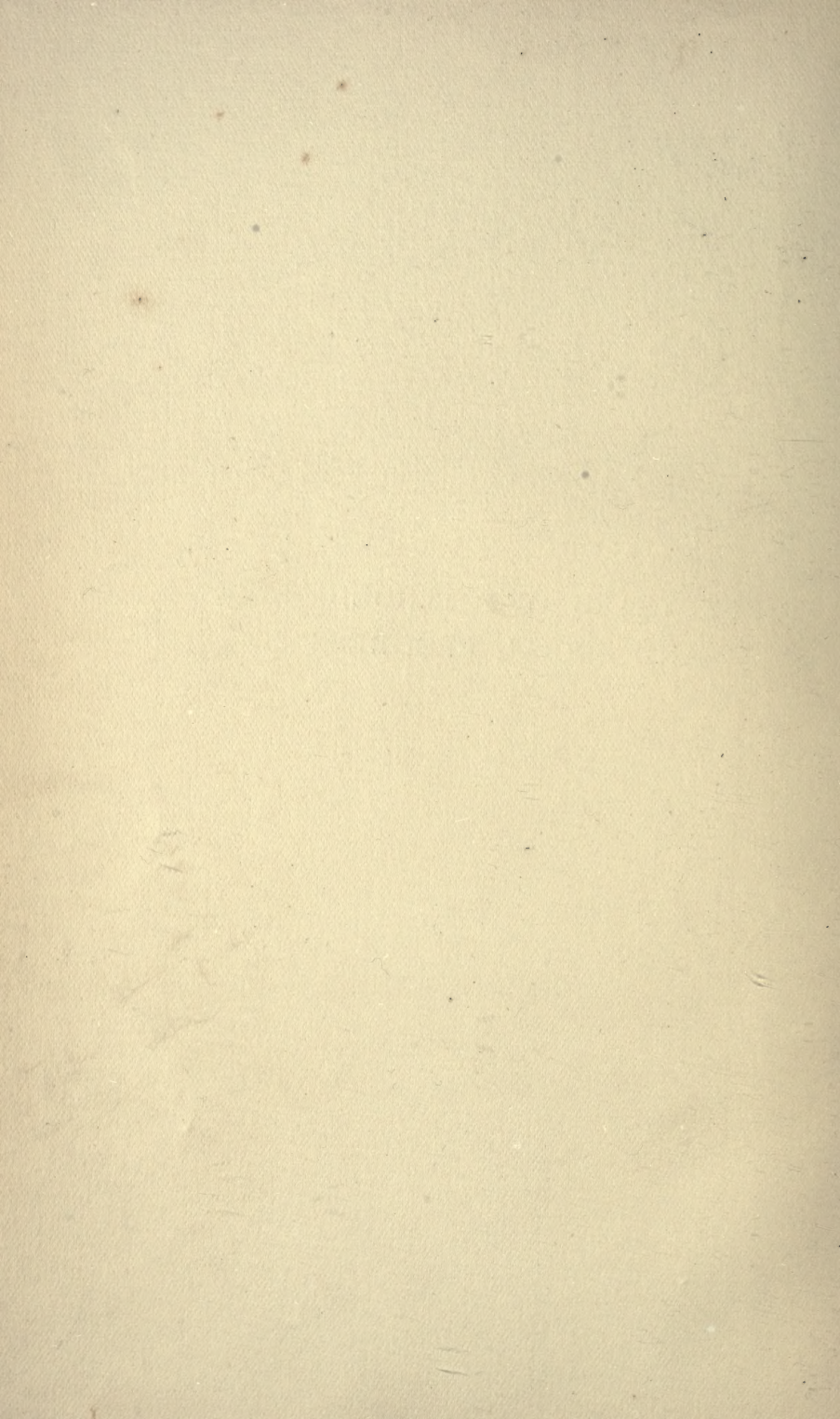
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FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC LIFE
AND SOCIAL PROGRESS





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Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Progress

Under Cardinals Wiseman,
Manning, Vaughan, and Newman

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS
PERSONAGES, EVENTS, AND MOVE-
MENTS DURING THE ERA ✻ ✻

BY

PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

"No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung :
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung
—Majestic silence."

HEBER'S *Palestine*.

WITH FOUR PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS

VOL. I

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CARDINAL MANNING. (*Frontispiece.*)

Also Portraits of

CARDINAL WISEMAN

CARDINAL NEWMAN

CARDINAL VAUGHAN

BOOK I
BEFORE THE HIERARCHY



CHAPTER I

A RETROSPECT—CATHOLICS “IN THE DESERT”

THE wonderful progress of the Catholic Church in England during the past fifty years might best be appreciated by some octogenarian long buried in the country, whose memory goes back to the time when the Church was, as it were, in the desert. One significant little incident might strike him when, on journeying to the extremity of the Brompton Road, he would find his omnibus halt, and the conductor call out, “The Oratory!” Entering the spacious, stately fane, he would note a crowd of admiring sightseers promenading round, gazing at its altars, statues, and choice marbles—much as the English are wont to do in the Madeleine at Paris. Or, if it be a Festival Day, our octogenarian would find it, cathedral-like, crowded to the doors, splendid rites going on at the grand altar, the air filled with strains from organ and fullest orchestra, processions on a grand scale; while

amongst the gazing throng he will be told that a large section is Protestant. He will wonder exceedingly at these things, recalling what he has seen in his youth, " 'Tis sixty years since ! " Then the Catholic stranger coming to town, and finding himself in the deserted streets of a Sunday, used timorously to ask his way to some obscure conventicle hidden in a far-off back street, and would, it is likely enough, receive little aid or guidance, for the reason that there was neither knowledge nor goodwill. Even now the small French Chapel close to Baker Street and that in Warwick Street are not easy to find. The latter unpretending edifice is suggestive enough as it stands, for it is said to have been erected of poor proportions and of the meanest materials, so that it might pass for a dissenting place of worship ! These pitiable structures were the old Embassy chapels, enjoying the protection of foreign courts, and were almost the only resource of the native Catholics. Of the same class was the Sardinian Chapel at Lincoln's Inn Fields, a very interesting piece of old-fashioned work, a portion of which, the sanctuary, is said to be of Inigo Jones's design ; and Spanish Place Chapel showed the same exotic character until it gave place recently to a stately Gothic fane, one of the most effective pieces of church architecture in London. The accommodation in these places was, as may be imagined, slender

enough, but sufficed for the precarious attendance. Without the meagre allowance granted by the foreign Governments the services could not have been carried on.*

In general every one seemed content to go on languidly with the existing accommodation. There was a general torpor; no one had the heart or energy or perhaps the means, to enlarge throw down or rebuild the existing edifices.† The schools, too, had much the same character.

There were, however, a couple of very imposing edifices, virtually cathedrals, in far-off or outlying districts, such as the handsome Moorfields Church and the somewhat later St. George's Cathedral in Southwark, one of Pugin's works. But these were accidents as it were, and not the result of Catholic

* The little French Chapel long enjoyed a compassionate allowance from the French Government—a mere pittance—which helped it in its struggles; but the latest Republican Government harshly withdrew it.

† Here is a list of London churches that existed about the year 1830, as set forth in the directories: St. Mary, Moorfields; one at Ratcliffe Highway; a German Church at Bow Lane, Cheapside; St. Patrick's, Soho, adapted from Mrs. Cornely's old Assembly Rooms, famous in the last century; besides the Sardinian, Bavarian, and Spanish and French Embassy Chapels. There was also one at Westminster, one at Romney Terrace, and one at Chelsea. The chapels in outlying districts such as Poplar, Stratford, Hammersmith, Bow, could be considered hardly more than rooms.

growth. They were really in excess of the needs of the time. The Moorfields Church, close to the Great Eastern Railway, was lately sold for nearly a quarter of a million. This fine building speaks eloquently of the fitful shiftings and social changes that have taken place; for it has been obliged to follow the lot of the innumerable old City churches which have gradually lost their congregations, who leave the City *en masse* on Saturday evenings. It seemed to recall the old Protestant type of church that we find in the City. No doubt the architect did not seek for a higher standard than that furnished by Wren, Gibbs, or Hawksmoor. Here were the stately arches and columns, meant to support the large sloping galleries. There was a fine mystery, if obtained by somewhat theatrical means, about the painted apse, with its vivid picture of the Crucifixion artificially illuminated by a stream of light admitted through some concealed aperture.

It was noted with interest that the Southwark building was planted on the very ground that had been the scene of the old Gordon Riots, which there were many of the old Southwark folk old enough to remember. It was, in fact, a cathedral, on the most spacious plan, designed by one of the foremost architects, and seemed to have grown up almost in a night. This was the imposing St. George's, designed on a vast scale, but dwarfed and

dwindled owing to lack of funds. To the despair of the impetuous architect the walls were shortened, the tower left incomplete, as it has remained to this hour. Yet even as it stands, a fragment, it reveals the touch of a true artist. The ceremonial on its opening was on a splendid scale, and foreign Prelates attended in large numbers. As I said, it is not easy to divine how the resources had been supplied ; but a weary struggle with debt carried on for many years, and the disaster brought on the contractors, show that there had been a rashness—and even recklessness—in the plans which is never exhibited now.*

All this time, " We were the ' Roman Catholics,' " wrote Dr. Newman (in his admired, oft-quoted " Second Spring," p. 171), " not a sect, not even an interest as men conceived of it, but a mere handful of individuals who might be counted like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here was a poor set of Irishmen, coming and going at harvest

* With St. George's must be associated the hard-working, quaint Father Doyle, who made himself familiar by his reiterated, often jocose, appeals for support under the title of " Father Thomas." This worthy man never relaxed in his energetic efforts. Father Thomas's methods were sometimes a little surprising, such as having the music, on festivals, furnished by the Gaiety Theatre, where burlesque reigned.

time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family and 'a Roman Catholic.' An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate and yews, and the report attaching to it that 'Roman Catholics lived there.' Then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day on some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the 'Roman Catholics': but nothing was to be gathered from it except that there were lights burning there, and boys in white swinging censers: what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant histories and sermons: and they didn't report well of the 'Roman Catholics,' but, on the contrary, that they had once come into power and had abused it."

Late Masses on Sundays, however trying for the priest, are a necessary note of a Catholic country. The needs of fashionable folk, and of the men particularly, who might otherwise be content to absent themselves, entail this accommodation. In Dublin to this day, I believe, Masses are begun at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, at a side altar. In my younger days there was a Mass even at one

o'clock ! This was surely a concession that amounted to an abuse. Under Dr. Wiseman's stimulating influence the old practice of a daily Mass was gradually restored. The Rosary, too, was but rarely said in public. This practice he encouraged, as also Retreats, Missions, The Forty Hours' Adoration, Exposition, and more frequent Benedictions.*

Most will have forgotten the unobtrusive guise in which the clergy then went about in public—an ordinary black frock coat, a high black stock, like a soldier's, with "gills," as they were called, with the prevailing "mutton-chop" whiskers. There was, indeed, a sort of collegiate air in this costume, usually ill-made and ill-fitting, and little that was ecclesiastical. The priest was always styled "Mr.," the term "Father" being used by the poorer classes, who were mainly Irish. The priest dressed like the parson, as now, oddly enough, the parson dresses as the priest. But with the Oxford Movement came a change, and it was felt to be proper that his guise should distinguish the man and his

* Of Benedictions the loyal and pious Catholic could scarce y have too much ; and in these latter days they are very frequent indeed. It is with a sort of surprise that we find Archbishop Porter doubting the expediency of frequent Benedictions ; on the ground, it would appear, of causing too much familiarity by its impairing the appreciation of the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrament.

doctrines. Hence the appearance of the collarless coat.*

The contrast between the Catholics of the upper classes of fifty years since and those of the year 1900 is even more striking than that of the churches. The old Catholic squires—heads of the old families—lived in a curious sort of reserve. They were hearty and cordial country gentlemen, true Englishmen and patriots, taking their part in the county business; but before all came their religion; *that* was their life. Their neighbours felt there was a mystery, or inner chamber not to be penetrated. This may have been owing to the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, generally enshrined in the chapel of the house; while the pleasant old-fashioned institution of “the chaplain” imparted a special tone to the household. It must be said, however, that the squire was, in the popular sense, decidedly “bigoted.” Looking at everything

* Mr. Berington, early in the century, was said to have been the first who dressed in black, to the alarm and remonstrances of his brethren. At Stonyhurst I well recall one of our holiday walks—a delightful day it was—when towards evening we passed by Pleasington, where there was a church “exceeding fayre,” with a charming house and garden attached. The priest—a hale, hearty old gentleman—was seated in a chair enjoying his pipe, reading. He had on a large straw hat, a white neckcloth, and a sort of yellow linen summer coat. He seemed a prosperous, squire-like veteran, and quite opposed to our present ideas of a Catholic priest.

through his Catholic spectacles, he could not for a moment forget that his neighbours were perhaps heretics. The Catholic young men and women were brought up, thus, in a sort of hothouse—the youths, perhaps, in a rather effeminate fashion. The young people took forth into the world with them a great reverence for their spiritual guides. Their religion was the all-important element of life, and entered into everything. All balls, parties, and merry-makings were coloured by it. During the season Catholics entertained each other in drawing-rooms where only Catholic youths met and danced with Catholic girls. Many had scruples as to waltzing. Those who ventured were looked at with misgiving. A hostess would go round telling, in a low, mysterious voice, as a piquant incident, that there was actually “*one* Protestant in the room.”*

* This picture is from my own experiences when I used to “go out” during the regular season of “Catholic balls.” At one time Kœnig the cornet-player was the rage. One night he was officiating at a dance, about twelve o’clock, when the ball had nearly spent itself. No one would waltz. Looking in I saw the lively cornet-player waltzing round and playing as he waltzed in the deserted room. One result of this isolation was the constant intermarriage of cousins and such near connections, with disastrous results on the character of the families. The children grew up mentally and physically degenerated. Now, as in the case of walled cities, the enclosure has been levelled, the area extended, to the general benefit, and the

In these pristine days, too, when the faith was ardent, there used to be one constant feature in the social life: all the "old Catholic houses," as by almost an hereditary custom, were always contributing one or more members of their families to the Church. The families were often large, and generally one or more elected to be priests. This was particularly observable among the noble families—Arundel, Petre, Clifford, and others of high degree, "Honourable and Reverend" being constantly found in the lists. This furnishing of a pious tribute by such families was an edifying and interesting feature, it being, moreover, on a large scale, and not a mere exceptional incident. It furnished, too, a striking contrast with the practice of other Catholic countries, where the priesthood is nearly wholly recruited from the lower classes. No doubt at this moment there are pious old families who still maintain the custom. Witness the astonishing contribution of a single family—that of the Vaughans. But at this moment it is impossible not to recognise that this practice is not so much in favour as it was. We look through the list of clergy, and find the familiar names less prominent among the younger generation of priests. Of course a good reason in part accounts for this change: the young men have given up their Catholic youth have shown themselves as vigorous and manly as any of their compatriots.

almost cloistral withdrawal, and have entered the various professions, in which they compete with success.*

* I recall the time when the now universal lady's hat, or "toque," was first introduced as an article of female attire, and such of the young girls as wore it were thought to be "fast." It seems strange now to think that it was considered at first unbecoming or indecorous to approach the altar rails in this guise, and the devout were careful to substitute the ordinary bonnet. Now it is universal, and we may see rows upon rows of women arrayed in all the showy patterns of this headgear, with flowers and feathers and ribbons in profusion. The greatest triumphs of the *modiste* are to be seen at church; and the air at times is charged with scents and perfumes, yet it cannot be said that any change in the principle or the feeling is involved in such matters. When the thing is a novelty it is found startling; but when in process of time it has come into general use, it becomes almost meaningless. Time was when the low dress was unacceptable to the stricter Catholics. It is not many years since the valse was laid under a ban in certain dioceses.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD DIVINES AND VICARS-APOSTOLIC

As we look back to these early days of depression we are astonished to find what a cultured, learned time it was, and what a band of divines and scholars flourished, whose works brought a certain lustre to the early portion of the century. This note of erudition almost suggests the labours of these "dungeons" of learning the Benedictine editors, whom Dom Gasquet so worthily represents at the present moment. These old scholars were of a fine, lofty type, and, strange to say, were very heartily recognised by their generation. Though these do not strictly belong to the past half-century, their work extended beyond their lives, and their reputation was of vast service to those who came later.

They were a class apart—vigorous and hard-hitting controversialists, and wrote admirable English. Some of their books are classics. They had their libraries and sufficient leisure to devote

to study and research. Many of this class are well recognised among writers and antiquaries of the country. They were indeed an interesting body, comprising, among others, Lingard, Challoner, Milner, Dodd, Berington, Oliver, Kenelm Digby, Rock, Husenbeth, and many more; also Reeve, Gother, Fletcher, Archer, Wiseman, and C. Butler.

Challoner and Milner were certainly the most distinguished the Church in this country can boast of. It is remarkable that their work was strikingly English, and admirably adapted to the position of the Church at the time, when its real doctrines were but little known or monstrosly perverted for the populace. Their books on the controversy between the Churches, proving the elementary principles of Catholicity, would probably be now thought out of date, when, through the agency of ritualistic teaching, everybody knows what Catholic doctrine is. One cannot but admire the sound judgment of these old-fashioned controversialists, who unerringly detected the weak spots in their adversaries' armour, and expounded clearly and logically exactly what prejudice had overlaid. Their reasoning, too, was of an almost legal sort, and on lines that were acceptable to the Protestant mind.

The most sturdy and learned champion of the Church from 1800 to 1826 was Dr. John Milner, antiquary as well as controversialist. He was deeply

read in the old lore of the National Church, and one of those profound, valuable, "dry-as-dust" writers whose learning is buried in County Histories—a perfect "drug" in the lifetime of the laborious author, and often his ruin, but since his death sought and collected for the library, often at great prices. There is something pathetic in this too-late recognition of the patient labours of the now valued "county historian." Dr. Milner's figure stands out wonderfully clear in those days of depressed Catholicity as a learned, respected, and powerful champion whom it was incumbent to repel or defeat.* His "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," his "History of Winchester," his account of Ecclesiastical Architecture, are really deep works, to be taken account of by serious archæologists. His position, too, in the Catholic Relief discussions was very conspicuous; and he was one of the few who had the courage to expose the insidiousness of the proposals for controlling the Catholic clergy,

* Not many know that the admirable version of the "Following of Christ," now in use, was the work of Bishop Challoner. The archaic style of this translation, its forcible English, so dignified and reserved, cannot be improved upon, for it very closely reflects the original text. In later days it is spoken of as "The Imitation," a weaker and less representative word than "The Following," as a person who follows is more devoted than one who imitates. It was Milner who first digested it into verses.

and which had an attraction for many excellent persons. It was remarkable in those days that the attitude of self-defence and combat imposed on Catholics seemed to engender strong and powerful characters—men with a readiness of resource which was invaluable. But his chief glory is that he was the best, because the most judicious, of our controversialists. Who does not know the admirable “End of Controversy”—of which the very title is true to the Catholic spirit—which has passed through innumerable editions, and for which it is claimed that, with its clear good sense and close persuasive argument, it has converted more persons than any work of the kind? The style and method are interesting, and the form of the arguments is dramatic. It is most agreeable reading. It might almost be said that a Catholic reads it with more entertainment and profit than any one else. But what more gratifying and exceptional homage to the merits of a book of controversy could be found than the fact that it drew forth no less than twelve replies from opponents, including a Bishop and Dean of the Church of England?

Milner is of interest to us, moreover, as the pioneer of that spirit of close association with the Roman mind and devotion to the Holy See, which has been called ultramontane. He also was one of the earliest to take exception to the some-

what bald and barren forms of devotion then in vogue.

The first real apostle of the Sacred Heart in England was Father Columbière, a Jesuit, who was engaged on the mission.*

The Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of those days, who had to confront many difficulties, was a hard-working, retiring person of earnest and holy life. He

* Milner was the earliest advocate of the now universal devotion to the Sacred Heart. So far back as 1816 he placed at the end of a little shrine, at Old Oscott College, a circular stained-glass window made in Rome, in which was depicted an image of the Sacred Heart. It is interesting as being the first subject in stained-glass placed in a Catholic building before the general revival of the art. In 1851 the Sisters of Mercy took over the house, and ever since they have taken jealous care of this memorial, which has been richly decorated and adorned. Associated with it is a Society known as that of the "Perpetual Lamp," which counts a large number of associates. The devout make pilgrimages there, and thus the work of the good Bishop is kept alive. Dr. Ullathorne also, when he opened his new ecclesiastical seminary at Olton, hastened to consecrate it to the Sacred Heart. The familiar "Garden of the Soul" first appeared about the year 1740, and I should imagine must have been founded on the Latin work with the equivalent title, "*Hortulus Animæ*." During the past 160 years it has figured in countless forms and editions. It has, however, been so adapted and reshaped, according to the wants of the period and the caprices of editors and publishers, that the learned author would not recognise it. Old prayers seem to grow out of date from sheer repetition. Who sees now the "Daily Companion," or "Catholic Hours"? They are all quite out of fashion.

lived and died obscurely. These mild and amiable men were regarded by their neighbours with a kindly respect. So also were the French *émigrés* priests—and particularly the more distinguished of them, such as the Archbishop of Narbonne, and other Prelates. The story of the coming of the French priests, some 20,000 in number, and of their favourable effect upon the English mission and on Protestant opinion has yet to be fully told.*

↳ A remarkable English Benedictine came from Lampspringe in Westphalia, where also was Dr. Baines, to England, and in due course filled many high offices, the names of which seem unfamiliar to the present generation: such as Provincial of Canterbury, President-General, Cathedral Prior of Winchester, and Abbot of Westminster. This last title has always, I believe, been retained in that great Order, which, though powerful and ancient, is

* Some of these founded churches and missions—and in Cadogan Place and Horseferry Road we see their memorials and tablets. At the far end of Holborn, nearly opposite to where that old galleried inn—the “Old Bell”—used to stand, there turns out a mean street, Castle Street, which leads by Fetter Lane to the Strand. Here are some interesting antique houses, a few gabled and overhanging the pathway, and here in his old days of poverty and struggle the worthy and very Catholic Johnson lived in lodgings. It was in this remote quarter that the old Vicars-Apostolic had their regular House before moving to Golden Square.

not so familiar as others to the English. The Anglo-German monks of Lampspringe, flying to England after the suppression of their monastery by the Prussian Government, found a refuge at Ampleforth, near York, at a mission founded by Lady Anne Fairfax, to which they added the well-known college.

The name of Bishop Baines used to be very familiar to the Catholics of his day. One learns that his consecration took place in Dublin in 1823, at the hands of two Irish Prelates. Cardinal Wiseman describes his fine preaching; and had heard on good authority that he was destined to be a member of the Sacred College. Though a Benedictine, he was engaged in a painful controversy with the heads of the Order in England as to the limits of the Bishop's control. This was settled in favour of the Benedictines, but was destined to be raised many years later, when it was finally disposed of. Certain picturesque memories attach to his purchase of Prior Park, Ralph Allen's famous seat, which he was enabled to secure in 1829. We always wonder how schemes so ambitious could have been carried out in those days of narrow penury. To have bought an almost ducal mansion, with its estate, or to have built Moorfields Church and St. George's Cathedral, seem prodigious achievements. He fashioned Prior Park into a joint lay

and ecclesiastical seminary, and it was opened under fair auspices. But within five or six years a fire destroyed the centre portion, and this proved to be the commencement of many serious difficulties and vicissitudes, which have continued almost to our own times.

Among these Vicars-Apostolic we find the worthy Bishop Bramston, who administered the London District until 1836. He received his education at Cambridge—a rare thing in the case of a Catholic Bishop of those days. His studies for the Bar brought him into contact with Charles Butler, under whom he studied for some four years, and with him he conversed much on religious matters. This led to his becoming a Catholic in 1790. He was ordained five years later and went to Portugal, where he ministered to the English soldiers. In 1800 a terrible pestilence broke out at Lisbon, during which this excellent priest devoted himself without stint to the care of the sick and dying. For six weeks he never took off his clothes to go to bed. After this trial he came to London, and was allotted what was then known as the most destitute of all the missions, viz., St. George's in the Fields; and there this worthy and admirable man worked for twenty-three long years. It should be considered that at this time a convert's prospect in the Catholic faith were simple hopeless poverty. Should he

become a priest, there was nothing before him but a desperate struggle and constant begging. In later times, when the Oxford Movement had set in, the prospects were much fairer, as the missions were on a sounder foundation. Often did Bishop Poynter, appreciating the value of such an ally, beg of him to become his coadjutor; but nothing would induce him to give up his parish. At last, in 1823, he consented; and in 1827, on Dr. Poynter's death, succeeded to his office, which he filled for nine years. Here was a sterling if unpretending record of fortitude, patience, zeal, and hard work in the face of innumerable difficulties. It is a life more attractive than many a more showy career; and to round it off, as it were, it is known that he suffered all through his life from a torturing disease which gave him little peace, but which he did not regard. His powers in conversation were rather remarkable; he had broad views, a fine, hearty patriotism, and a tender charity for all men.

In the year of Hierarchy there was living in Dr. Johnson's town of Lichfield, Bishop Rich, then over ninety years old. He was born in the year in which George III. came to the throne. He was educated at the Roman College, and afterwards at Sedgley Park. Then coming to Lichfield in 1801, he bought an old house, and, by throwing two rooms into one, made a sort of chapel, the sanctuary of which

stood over a baker's oven. He presently built there a modest church, and another at Tamworth. After these exertions he devoted himself to antiquarian studies. For forty years he was busy collecting papers for a continuation of Dodd's "Church History." With infinite labour he had transcribed or collected letters, tracts, annals, records, diaries, and innumerable miscellaneous papers, which filled upwards of fifty volumes in folio and quarto. These, however, he later handed over to the Rev. Mr. Tierney, F.R.S., F.S.A., a well-known scholar of liberal views, who undertook the work. He had an important share also in the great collection of Sadler's papers, which he deciphered and transcribed and prepared for publication, in connection with no less a person than Walter Scott. The work was issued in 1809 in three great quartos. A more important book was the well-known "Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture and attested by the Fathers"—one of the most important controversial works, which another learned priest—Dr. Waterworth, of Newark—later added to and recast.

These may seem modest performances, but they are evidence of vast labour and much erudition. He belonged to the class of honest, enthusiastic, unrecognised, and drudging antiquaries who have given us the County Histories and the like. As

his parochial work could scarcely suffice for his support, he was compelled (like many other worthy priests of his time) to have recourse to tuition. Remarkable evidence of his erudition is furnished by a curious fact vouched for by Cardinal Wiseman—that when he came a young man from Rome, he had obtained the Pope's permission to recite the Psalms of his Breviary in Hebrew, with the lessons from the New Testament in the Greek. That such a privilege should be asked for seems more astonishing than that it should be granted. This unpretending account may be of interest as portraying what is now a rare type. The priest, as I have said, with his small congregation, had spare time on his hands, which he was glad to fill up with antiquarian and other pursuits. It will be seen, too, that he came well equipped to his task, and it was a common thing to find him well stored, beside, with a knowledge of Hebrew and ecclesiastical history.*

Dr. Walsh, long Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, as is well known, was later named as the first Archbishop in the new Hierarchy, though not instituted. His memory carried him back to St. Omer, where he suffered from the excesses of the French Revolution, being thrust into prison with his fellow-students. After filling a high post at Sedgley Park and Oscott he became, in 1825, coadjutor to

Bishop Milner. In this sphere of action he made his mark by a judicious activity in advancing Catholic interests. It was really astonishing how much a single Bishop accomplished within the short span of some twenty-five years. Dr. Weedall, in a funeral panegyric, very happily described what is the true Church policy, and how prudence and care should be combined with adventure. "It was a period of expediency," he said—"not of a reckless expediency, but of a wise and calculating expediency. Religion had been swelling out and extending itself not only beyond all expectation, but also beyond the straitened resources which existed for its support. An imprudent mind would dash at impossibilities and incur failure. But a wise and enlightened Bishop will review his position *with a prudent but not too frigid a calculation*. He will excite a sympathetic generosity in others, he will reconnoitre prudently; he will foresee correctly, he will plan judiciously, he will implore the blessing of Heaven. And if, after that, *he adventures a noble daring a little beyond the technical caution of human policy*, his Divine Master, who inspires the intrepidity, will bless the deed." These happy phrases well describe what should be the *juste milieu* between prudence and rashness. In all ecclesiastical enterprises he exhibited this "noble daring" with signal success, as was witnessed

by the extraordinary success of his enterprises.* It would seem, indeed, that in those days (1825-1849) there was more energy for Catholic work in the country districts than in the metropolis, as is witnessed by the works of this energetic Prelate, who "had the faculty of creating round him an atmosphere of encouraging circumstances, and under a spell of heavenly augury which many could not read, and some might be disposed

* It will be entertaining to contrast with this Mr. Ruskin's rather utilitarian principle expressed in a characteristic letter in reply to an application to help a church at Richmond:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *May 19, 1896.*

"SIR,—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys, who care to hear me, is, Don't get into debt. Starve and go to Heaven—but don't borrow. Try first, begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for! And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches that they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or in a coal-hole—first? And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit, Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolators, and Mumbo Jumbo Sun and Fire Worshipers who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my book—any other sort of sect could—before bothering me to write to them.

"Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, Your faithful servant."

to blame." In pursuance of this policy he erected a large college and seminary, and undertook and completed the handsome Birmingham cathedral of St. Chad, after Pugin's designs, also five other large and handsome churches in the District. At Nottingham he set on foot the erection of another cathedral, contributing largely from his own resources, besides close upon fifty other churches and chapels throughout the diocese. He founded five-and-twenty new missions, introduced the Cistercians, Passionists, Redemptorists, the Order of Charity, Oblates and Oratorians, together with various orders of nuns, the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, Tertiaries, and Hospitalières. This was a striking record indeed. Though designated to be the first primate of the new Hierarchy, eighty-three seemed an excessive age for undertaking such a burden.

The maxims and principles of this old class of men were truly apostolic, and characteristic of the ages of faith. There was a fine sense of purpose and duty about them, and no compromising with principle in favour of the world. Such was Bishop Morris (b. 1794, d. 1872), who was so well known in the days of Cardinal Wiseman. His dominant thought through life, we are told, was "to do all that he had promised, regardless of obstacles." Thus on the eve of his death, engaged to preach at Liverpool, he would keep his engage-

ment in spite of all expostulation. He arrived in a lamentable condition, but went through his task; set off for London on the next day, but was seized with paralysis at Crewe. He was conveyed to London insensible, received the last Sacraments and died.*

There is a fine tribute to Bishop Briggs (who died in 1861) by Archbishop Ullathorne, which, short as it is, is a well-drawn bit of character: "He was," he said, "a truly venerable and interior man; a man of prayer—patient, meek, and childlike. They say of him that never did he breathe a word against any one. Even if he had a scandal to redress, and his heart was oppressed with his secret, and he had to take counsel, he so talked of the subject, while seeking light with his adviser, as not to reveal the person or say anything that could make him known. He cared nothing for himself, and gave away everything he got. He had a true sympathy of heart, and liked to bring out any little story about himself that seemed to show his weaknesses. He did not tell

* I recall him once at a public lunch at the "Star and Garter." When the health of the ladies was proposed by an M.P. in a flowery speech, in which their "bright eyes" and engaging glances were profusely dwelt upon, with many gallant compliments, the Bishop stood up, and, in his blunt, incisive style, declared that he was not going to endorse such fulsome things. "I always *hate*," he added vehemently, "*such flummery*." The M.P. was rather confused.

these stories himself, but he led other people to tell them against him. He had a great love for children and the simple poor. His heart had that full and delicate love of good people that led him to speak to them with an irony of love, reserving its expression by talking a language opposite to his feeling. I mean that modest strength of affection which conceals itself whilst in the act of expression. He never answered a question without lifting his mind to God, and delayed speaking if he saw not clearly. But where he saw truth and right and duty, no human respect ever stood in the way. I have seen him in moments of severe trial, when to speak would have been his vindication, and when a firm silence and compressed lips and paler cheeks, that marked the inward effort of self-repression, were all the signs he gave. You know he was famous for not being in time; in fact he seemed unconscious of time." There used to be a poorish standing joke on the subject of "the late" Bishop Briggs' unpunctuality, but Dr. Ullathorne's plea for him is convincing enough. "I have often thought of that, and why it was. In him I verily believe *it marked a mind which rested on Eternity*, and was careless of reputation. Men who are much occupied with themselves and their character are commonly prompt, and rather before than after time: time is their peculiar property. He had an object before him that was

not himself ; and such people are a good deal unconscious of time. His soul was tremulously delicate, and so was his conscience. Hence his care, as well as his protractedness, in all the sacred offices. God purges His servants sometimes at the end. He had a hard agony, which brought out his virtues to the full ; he prayed incessantly, and asked the nuns and clergy by him to help him by their prayers. For a short time he was struck with some terrible awe, even dread ; then recovered his radiant serenity and expired."

Another of this antiquated type was Dr. Baggs, whose name now recalls only the dimmest memories. And here it may be noted that some of our best, most efficient working Bishops have come of a Protestant stock. Dr. Baggs was the son of a Protestant barrister who held a high legal post in Demerara ; but his mother being an Irish Catholic lady, he was brought up in her religion. His father died only three days after learning that he was utterly ruined, owing to the failure of a friend, for whom he had gone security for some £60,000. The son was sent to Sedgley Park, and later to the Roman College, where he remained sixteen years. There he made an extraordinary impression by gifts and learning which seemed wonderful in one so young. In 1830 he stood forward to maintain some

200 Theses against all comers, which he did with great brilliancy and success. Yet he was only twenty-four years old. He acquired an extraordinary knowledge of languages; notably of Hebrew, of which he was appointed professor; also of German, Spanish, Italian, and French. He was a preacher of depth and eloquence, as well as a learned and agreeable writer on various antiquarian subjects. He received many distinctions from the Pope; and was so popular with the society at Rome that on his departure he was presented with a handsome testimonial, the gift of the most distinguished visitors, Protestant as well as Catholic. When Dr. Baines, of the Western District, died in 1844, he was selected to succeed him under the title of Bishop of Pella. He was only thirty-eight years old, but he was destined to hold his see but for a short time, for in the following year, 1845, he died at Prior Park.

Dr. Milner's *bête noire* was that most brilliant of all modern English Catholics—taking into account the difficulties of success at the time—Charles Butler, with whom he was in conflict almost till his death. There are few more interesting figures of his class, and no one enjoyed greater respect among his countrymen. He came of an old Northamptonshire family—not of the great house of Ormonde, which, he always disdainfully contended, was an offshoot of

his own.* He was born in 1750, and chose for his profession not the Bar—to which Catholics could not be called—but to the law. They were allowed to practise the inferior branch of conveyancing. Here his astonishing talent and erudition placed him in the first rank. He became the friend of Hargrave and all the eminent lawyers. In his time the old refinements of pleading were in force, and the terrible subtleties of “Coke upon Littleton” were the stock-in-trade of the well-grounded lawyer. This work he edited to general approbation, with his friend Hargrave, but his share is considered the best. It is certainly a distinction to have been the first Catholic called to the Bar since the Revolution of 1688; and this was the case of Butler in 1791. So late as 1832 his friend Brougham made him a King’s Counsel, when he was specially complimented from the Bench. He appeared in court but once only, to argue in a celebrated case, and the whole Bar assembled stood up in respect to the eminent conveyancer. Lord Eldon, who, for all his

* The late Sir W. Lawson told me many years ago that he heard him say proudly on this topic: “Sir, not we from them, but they from *us*.” He also described how once unexpectedly opening a door he discovered Charles Butler on his knees before the Bishop of Norwich, then well known for his friendliness to the Catholics. Somewhat disconcerted, Butler explained, “Sir, no one need be ashamed of receiving an old man’s blessing.”

bigotry, was liberal enough to offer to call him within the Bar, took the unusual course of congratulating him.

The versatility displayed by this extraordinary man was remarkable. He was deeply read in the law, an elegant, accomplished writer, a controversialist, a scholar, a conveyancer of much skill and reputation, a politician, and a speaker. He had, besides, social gifts, and a power of mind that gained him the friendship of most of the eminent men of his time. Were Charles Butler's life written with fairness—a difficult thing—it would be found, I think, that on the whole his heterodoxy was merely effusive, and not owing to conviction—that it came of his vehement partisanship, and that it attracts attention because contrasted with the more rigid orthodoxy of our time.

The general laxity in the clerical ranks was well illustrated by the persons with whom Dr. Milner used to class Lingard. Mr. Eustace, an Irish clergyman, had made quite a reputation by the well-known "Classical Tour"—long "a stock work" on travel. He was actually the tutor or "bear leader" of a young Protestant noble on "the grand tour." His book, Milner says, was full of "an uncatholic and latitudinarian spirit;" and he adds, "that after being dismissed from his native country he settled in the Midlands, where he not only discarded his

clerical attire in compliment to his Protestant friends, but allowed his flock *to frequent Protestant services.*" He was in the Bishop's own district, who found it almost impossible to control him.

Berington, the author of many learned works, was censured by the Vicars for the theological errors in his books, and was even suspended. After some years he made a sort of illusory retractation, and was restored. But the deception being discovered, he was again suspended until he signed a more ample retractation, which again proved illusory. These capricious changes show the uncertainty and lack of firmness in those in authority.

Another of these "priests of the old school" was the learned Charles O'Connor, who during a goodly portion of his life was chaplain at Stowe to the Duchess of Buckingham. Though the Duke, when Mr. Grenville, was severe and intolerant enough to his lady, the chaplain became his librarian, and through the Duke's munificence some of his most learned works were brought out. He was a deep scholar and historian, but took the wrong side—as seemed to be common with these scholarly clergy—in the unfortunate disputes about vetoes, &c.—so wrong that he was "suspended" from his functions by the Archbishop. The atmosphere of the palace in which he lived and the stream of noble guests which was passing through it, and his

necessary segregation from Catholic life, could not have been conducive to his spiritual advancement.*

In looking back to these old writers we cannot but be struck by the piquancy of the subjects they chose for their books and the titles put to them: as in the case of Challoner's "Think Well On't; or Reflections on the Great Truths of Eternity." This little book has "gone out," or has become old-fashioned, but how downright and how pointed it is! So with his "Hell opened to Christians." I have heard it said that the horrors depicted in it are too gross for ears polite, but the place of eternal torment is certainly brought before us in the most appalling and vivid fashion. There was a terrible earnestness and tone of warning, as though he knew, as Elia might say, from personal observation what he was speaking of. There was a vigour and utter absence of verbiage. Though he died over a hundred years ago, in 1781, he has left his mark upon the Church, and his writings, in the main, still hold their place.

Who reads now or knows of Gother's Instructions or "Archer's Sermons"?—the dreary "remainder

* In the Buckingham Papers is given a letter of his describing to the family the visit of some distinguished persons who had been received by him in the owner's absence. It is conceived in a very worldly spirit, his whole anxiety being that his employer should think he had made himself agreeable,

biscuit" of devotion—yet on which so many of us were brought up. Gother was a converted Presbyterian. "Archer's Sermons" was denounced by Dr. Milner as containing heresy.*

The year 1819 was an important one for the religion, for it saw issued Dr. Lingard's well-known "History of England"—thus giving Catholic scholarship a status and reputation of lasting value. The English have always loved and admired fairness and fair-play. Hume, Smollett, Robertson, and others had all shown that they could not write without prejudice. But here was a papist historian who held the scales level, even to the prejudice of his own religion. The success was extraordinary, though the publisher (Mawman) looked coldly at it, and let it lie long in his drawer neglected. The author received about £5,000. His cold impartiality and perfect accuracy have won a singular respect and confidence. Even in a late controversy on the Tithe Relief Bill we find him

* The taste for printed sermons was probably a reflex of the Protestant taste for the reading of sermons, which is still rife enough. Nearly every Protestant divine of distinction publishes his volume of sermons. At this moment there are hardly any Catholic books of sermons published. But fifty years ago much religious instruction was regularly cast in this form. I am afraid a reason for this change can be found in the fact that, in general, sermons are not sufficiently prepared to warrant printing.

appealed to as an authoritative historian. His corrections of Hume were couched in the most studiously moderate terms, and were mostly consigned to the notes, so as (as he said) not to shock Protestant feeling. Indeed it might be said that the impartiality of his style becomes a sort of a curio—so cold is it and lacking in feeling or sympathy. But the gain is great when he concludes in favour of his own religion, for it is felt that as he had spoken adversely on other occasions, he has here a claim to be heard. This impartiality, as may be imagined, gave umbrage to many of the more orthodox, who expected a more thorough-going championship.

Nor can we wonder at this. For it seems to be a principle generally recognised in party controversies that the exposure of errors and abuses should be left to the opponent. Fault-finders seem to be enemies in the camp. Moreover, the colourless narrator, who appeals to the wishes and sympathies of neither side, must leave out a large portion of his case; for he hardly puts himself in the situation of the parties, nor does he allow for feelings and passions. Very naturally, therefore, this unaccustomed method incurred suspicion. There were not wanting some of his own faith to charge the work with having a "Gallican tendency." Dr. Milner assailed it as compromising principle; and described the author

as a "dangerous enemy of the rights of the Church." He pointed to the account of St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose opinions, Lingard had said, "were tinged with enthusiasm—he identified his cause with God and the Church, and became a martyr *to what he deemed to be his duty*." These seemed suspicious phrases, but they were really to be accounted for by Lingard's set purpose of writing strictly, as an impartial spectator and recorder of *facts*, and leaving aside his own convictions and feelings. A more characteristic and even amusing instance of this studious impartiality was his speaking of the martyrdom of the saint as "*the catastrophe which followed*." The Holy See, however, favoured him, and seemed to hold that the result of his work was good. It is stated that it was proposed to make him a Cardinal.

Some surprise was caused by the cold and rather illiberal fashion in which Macaulay dismissed this important work. He indeed spoke of the author as "an able and well-informed writer"; but added that his fundamental rule of judging was to assume that all popular verdicts were wrong. The phrase would imply but an imperfect appreciation of Lingard's labours and researches—for he was one of the earliest to explore the State papers.

Another learned ecclesiastic, whose work is valuable and often quoted, was Dr. Oliver, a laborious student

and collector, who had been at Stonyhurst, and continued in the Jesuit "service," as it were, for over forty years, attending one of their missions at Exeter, though he never joined the Society. His investigations were of the true dry-as-dust kind, which to the laborious author are their own reward. To him we owe such works as "Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon, etc.," and "Collections Illustrating the Catholic Religion." But his most noteworthy effort was his well-known "Collections Illustrating the Biography of the Scotch, English, and Irish Members of the Society," published in 1838. He also wrote "The Lives of the Bishops of Exeter." So numerous were his writings that he has become entitled to the honours of bibliography.

Another good specimen of the old Catholic scholar, but of later times, was Dr. Husenbeth, who was born in 1796 and lived to our day. He must have seen and remembered much. His work has lasted and been of profit to succeeding generations. These divines loved their books and their writings for the sake of the books and writing, as well as for the placid happiness their lettered ease brought them. His name is inseparable from the "Roman Missal for the Use of the Laity," which he edited very carefully and first issued in a revised form in 1837. Also an edition of the Breviary; of

an elaborate antiquarian work on "The Emblems of the Saints" as found in works of art, which has passed through several editions. He edited the Bible and Butler's "Lives of the Saints"; and other works, between fifty and sixty in number. Butler's work, by the way—at the time thought a monument of erudition—was found in every Catholic library, and is still reprinted. Its defect, however, was that there was no attempt at criticism or discrimination. It is curious to contrast the attractive "Lives of the English Saints" issued under the auspices of Faber and the Oratory, which have all the charm of a romance, with the dry and rather jejune style of Butler.

In Dr. Husenbeth there was a native sturdiness of character which was exhibited when, being appointed chaplain to the Jerningham family at Cossey Hall, he insisted on living in a cottage in the village instead of at the Hall. Here he continued for over fifty years. Though he became Provost of Northampton and fulfilled other clerical duties, he was more suited to college life than to missionary work. He did not, his biographer tells us, sufficiently keep up with the progress of religion, and "was indeed a priest of the old school." He may be said to have lived hebdomadally in "Notes and Queries," in which, it was computed, he wrote some 1,300 papers! This priest of the old school was hardly to be

distinguished from a layman, save in that he said Mass weekly. He died in 1872, when seventy-six years old.

Dr. Rock's name is also familiar to all lovers of art as an especial authority on vestments, dress embroideries, ornaments, and such matters, in which he was deeply learned. He was no mere dilettante, and his gifts and knowledge found a cordial appreciation among official authorities. Here was yet another Catholic scholar, devoted to his work, who left behind him a high reputation. It may be a matter of surprise how in the meagre company of priests such men could be spared; but by a fortunate arrangement they were generally chosen as chaplains to noblemen, where their light duties left them with ample time for study. Dr. Rock's best known works are the "Hierurgia, or, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Expounded" (1833), "The Church of Our Fathers" (1849), and, in the South Kensington Museum Handbooks, the "Catalogue to the Collection of Textile Fabrics" (1870). I could furnish other characters of mark, but these sufficiently illustrate the good old type of learned ecclesiastic.

One of the things that causes us surprise at the era of the 'forties, when Catholicity was struggling under such meagre conditions, is the amount of books and religious nutriment that was supplied to the Catholics, all of a solid kind. There was an abundance of writers whose works have since

become known all the world over, and the books in vogue then have often become familiar and have retained an enduring popularity. Catholic booksellers flourished. There was then—that is, about 1831—at No. 38, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and also in Paternoster Row, a firm of Catholic publishers, Keating and Brown, whose publications were on a surprising scale, considering the small circle of readers. No doubt this was owing to their clients taking little share in public or worldly affairs, and devoting themselves to the strict practice of their religion. We find in the catalogue a regular classification of offices, prayer-books, books of devotion for the Blessed Sacrament, private devotions, catechisms, books of instruction and ministration, sermons (even charity sermons and funeral orations), and controversy in several departments, *i.e.*, against Unitarians, Deists, Atheists, etc. There were also books of apologetics, history and biography, educational works, prints, Church music.

Charles Dolman, whose mother was a Booker, was the first to publish on a handsome scale, after the methods of Paternoster Row. *Dolman's Magazine* was a pleasant miscellany, not wholly religious. Dolman ventured on large and ambitious enterprises, such as library editions of Lingard's History and Kenelm Digby's works. He also attempted rudely-illustrated volumes, such as

éditions de luxe of "Fabiola." Venturing, however, beyond his depth, he fell into difficulties; and after trying to form a Catholic book-selling and publishing company, he had to withdraw to Paris, where he kept a small shop, and died in 1863.

The publisher, however, who was the first to "popularise" Catholic literature, spreading it on a large and cheap scale, was Thomas Richardson, of Derby, who printed at very low prices every Catholic prayer-book of piety, and scattered them far and wide. This enterprising man spent a fortune in the work, even founding a penny Catholic journal, *The Lamp*, which for years had a large circulation, and then began to languish. It, however, still appears. Richardson—who was a printer also—issued tracts, translations, leaflets, and somewhat anticipated the work of the Catholic Truth Society.

The well-known firm of Orchard Street—Burns and Oates—has now a large and prosperous business, built up by the energy of a very capable man, James Burns. He properly dealt in pianos, music selling, etc. Not only was he a lover of music, but he also possessed a special talent, and was the author of several articles on it in the *Dublin Review*. His musical reunions in the house in Portman Street were things to be remembered, and when Church music was at a very low ebb he got together a choir of young men and boys in his employment and was

went to go the round of Catholic churches. Islington was much affected by him, he frequently visiting the church of the late Canon Oakley, and conducting the choir. His first partner was Mr. Lambert, who had been at Messrs. Collard and Collard's, and was in some wise connected with the invention of the trichord piano; and the firm was then known as Burns and Lambert. Mr. William Oates then joined the firm, which since the time of his advent to it has been known as "Burns and Oates." He lived long enough after Mr. Burns to make the business his own, and he died in 1876. He was a gentle, unassuming man, devoted to his work and loving literature more for the good it wrought than for the profit that accrued from its publication.*

* How exclusive was the Catholic position, and how zealously enforced the duty of supporting those who were of the Household of Faith, can be shown from the very trade advertisements. There we find Augarde, the hatter, who enjoyed the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, together with Tallon and Co., who "respectfully acquaint the *Catholic nobility and gentry*" that they are eager to supply them "with gossamer, beaver, and other hats." A quaint notion. One Jane Gressier, who kept a drapery store in Liverpool, also appeals for strict Catholic support. A Holborn bootmaker is more urgent; for he respectfully informs the *Catholic public* that, having found by practice how essentially requisite a model of the foot is, he is enabled to "supply lasts *instantly*," etc. Catholic hats and Catholic lasts! Furs, coals, wines, groceries, etc., are all supplied on Catholic principles; and it is clearly assumed by the respective traders that this note of religion is a *primâ facie* title to support.

BOOK II

CARDINAL WISEMAN

CHAPTER I

THE NEW HIERARCHY

SUCH was the inobtrusive system of the old days. But now a new order of things was at hand. There were to be new measures, new men, and surprising changes—a kindling of the old dry wood. As is almost invariably the case in great reforms and transformations, this was all due not so much to forces as to the presence and personality of a single man. In this case it was fortunate indeed that such a force or power should have arisen almost at the moment it was required. Had there come, instead, a Prelate of the old type—such as Dr. Poynter or Dr. Talbot—the administration might have gone on in the old lines. What was wanting was a mind that was somewhat ambitious as well as reforming, far-seeing, statesmanlike, bold, courageous, as well as cultivated and refined. It was, indeed almost a miracle that a learned and cultivated ecclesiastic

should have been found ready to hand, who loved, not indeed the world, but the men of the world. Such a type was naturally not to be looked for in the colleges and seminaries. Dr. Wiseman was almost as much in advance of his time as was Dr. Manning in advance of his.

Born in 1802, Dr. Wiseman spent the chief portion of his life, to the age of thirty, in Rome, where he made a brilliant reputation for general learning, and particularly for the knowledge of Oriental languages, of which he was professor. A letter of the Bishop of Salisbury on the subject of some Syriac question proves how well considered he was in this department; and this is significant as showing how eager Dr. Wiseman was, even then, to be in communication with learned men and to interchange ideas with them. He soon became a conspicuous personage in Rome, and known to all its distinguished visitors. In 1835 he came to live in England, and started on his career with a course of remarkable lectures on Catholicism and Protestantism, which caused some sensation, and was followed by many persons of note, including Lord Brougham. These were considered to have had a serious influence in the revival of Catholicity. In the following year he took the bold and risky step of founding a Review—the “Dublin”—which has continued in its course up to the present time. As

we now take the first number in our hands we are astonished to find what an important and ambitious publication it was, and how well it could compare in form and treatment with the two long-established Reviews whose treatment of themes it almost exactly followed. Its general cast was scholarly and exhaustive, and the general reader must certainly have found it interesting and attractive. It was, however, a costly experiment, and might easily have proved a disastrous failure. Since its opening days it has had various vicissitudes, often being on the verge of extinction; but it has rarely reached the large and vigorous treatment of its early season, when it must have conveyed a favourable idea of the religion.

Even at this stage of his English life this distinguished man did not bound his views by the walls of a college or the common routine of a scholastic life. With a "superfætation of energy," as Johnson would say, and an expansion of views which led him to conceive plans for the development of the Church in all directions, his enterprising mind took stock of some remarkable changes that were going on around him, and which he felt must serve its cause.

Many are the distinguished ecclesiastics who have appeared in the Church during the past fifty years; and it might be thought difficult to

decide which was the most conspicuous for talent and varied gifts. One might have little hesitation in saying that for general learning, accomplishments, and perhaps "showiness," in its fitting sense, Cardinal Wiseman's figure was the most striking. Considering the undeveloped condition of the Church, its comparative obscurity, and its general "unfurnished" condition, being without men, churches, pecuniary resources, and the rest, it is astonishing to see how much, even at his entrance into English life, his personality attracted the public. This was owing to his varied scholarship, the elegance of his tastes, his knowledge of Biblical lore and recondite languages, and of the arts. His scholarship was indeed akin to that of some of the most learned Protestant dignitaries, and was the more wonderful as he had not enjoyed an English University education. Dr. Lingard was, of course, an eminent scholar and writer, but his knowledge was of a special kind. Lingard was, however, the single Catholic writer of the century whose work has become one of those classical books of the country, which, to use Elia's quaint phrase, "no gentleman's library should be without." Dr. Wiseman's position as a man of letters was quite unsectarian, and challenged recognition from all creeds, on the ground that he was contributing to the general stock of public

knowledge. In this he recalled Dr. Milner, whose antiquarianism was recognised by all students. It is easy to understand what led to this position in Dr. Wiseman's case. The Catholic dignitary was more or less isolated, and with little support from abroad, was an Englishman among Englishmen, and much influenced by his country and his countrymen. In the general state of ignorance of Catholic matters—joined with good-natured contempt for what was known—it seemed extraordinary to find a learned Catholic ecclesiastic lecturing publicly, before great societies, to large and distinguished audiences, on religion, and entering into vigorous discussion on equal terms with divines of other Churches. The truth was, he was early recognised as one of the really learned men of his time, and what he had to say was generally listened to by learned men. One who had heard Cardinal Wiseman deliver his addresses gives this description, which offers a contrast to the different, more highly finished style of Cardinal Manning: "He appeared, when he addressed an audience, to be full of his subject and in close sympathy with his audience, and had the art of winning their sympathy. Both his voice and manner were sympathetic. His presence was extremely impressive, but very different from the no less impressive presence of his successor, Cardinal Manning. The former may be described

as the great Prelate or Prince of the Church, and his discourse, though less highly finished, showed greater eagerness to enter into the mind and tastes of his hearers. A certain *bonhomie* accompanied the dignity of his manner, which was absent in Cardinal Manning's case. The truth is Cardinal Wiseman's style was really of the average type; his voice was sonorous and a little thick; he was somewhat of the 'full-blown Prelate.' " I recall him at one of the Catholic lunches or dinners, held for a charitable purpose, at the "Star and Garter," Richmond, when he seemed to me a pleasant speaker—the exact type of one of Walter Scott's opulent Prelates. I could fancy him ensconced on a quietly ambling mule, bedecked with trappings.

Cardinal Vaughan, in picturesque style, has given a sketch of Cardinal Wiseman and his work, summarised in a few vivid passages. Of the Church, he says, that in the days before the Hierarchy, " Her voice was low; her divine services cut down to their bare essentials. Many of her distinctive devotions were conducted in private, and, as it were, in silence and with closed doors.* No

* Those who recall these days will remember how meagre were the devotions outside the Sunday services. But the Vespers, now become a little old-fashioned and almost laid aside, were common enough. The Mass was always introduced by the anthem or chaunt, "Come, let us adore," which has long since disappeared.

kind of uniform, and no outward mark of distinction in her ministers was visible ; she was like a ship in an angry sea, close-reefed and battened down, exposing as little surface as possible to the stiff gale, which was still only lessening. It was at this moment that Divine Providence sent us Nicholas Wiseman. We owe to him the wonderful revival of popular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, etc. ; he brought in Retreats, missions, and popular devotions in the vernacular, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, expositions, Benedictions, the forty hours' adoration, daily Mass, and the practice of frequent Communion. He raised the character of our liturgical services. He patronised and urged forward the reform of Church architecture ; he took the elder Pugin in hand ; drew us out of our unsightly meeting-houses or chapels. He called to his assistance ancient orders of religious men and women and modern congregations ; and found work for them all. He was a fine Biblical scholar, and a theologian and controversialist of the highest merit.* He watched and parleyed

* A common note of the time was the public controversy conducted between ardent champions, who would meet each other on a public platform. Such were the "Pope and Maguire discussion" and others of the same kind. This was reviving an old system ; it resembled the controversy between Bossuet and the Pastor Claude. These seem strange now, but they were suited to the time. Now it is felt that nothing is gained by such methods, for neither side can admit defeat.

with the Tractarian Movement, guiding in some sense the mind of Newman and of many others towards the Church. He was a Prelate of the largest sympathies, of a broad and highly-cultivated and many-sided mind, with an enthusiastic appreciation of art in all its forms and branches; a lecturer with an extraordinary power of collecting materials and of throwing them into a rich and harmonious picture upon the canvas: he captivated learned and scientific as well as popular audiences. Within the short space of fourteen years he had accomplished his work. He had held three Provisional Synods at Westminster; he had become the legislator of our discipline; under his guidance and inspiration the broad and sufficing lines of our Canon Law were laid. Meanwhile he had lived down obloquy and popular displeasure, and his imposing funeral was the unprompted public testimony to the esteem and honour with which a generous and honest people had learnt to regard him."

Nothing could be better or more "sufficing" than this well-drawn picture. It supplies a perfect view of this eminent man. It is remarkable, by the way, that Cardinal Vaughan should have been so intimately associated with his two great predecessors. As a young priest he was on affectionate terms with Cardinal Wiseman, whom we find, nigh forty

years ago, writing him an encouraging and friendly letter, when on the eve of departing for South America, and full of his plans for founding a College for Foreign Missions; at a moment when perhaps the last thing in his thoughts was that he would one day be enthroned at Westminster. Dr. Wiseman was indeed a true Englishman; practical and efficient in his work, yet burdened with a bulk of frame and afflicted with grievous infirmities, which grew yearly on him. This was the natural cause of a certain slowness and even lethargy which in his late years made him shrink from all that required instant decision and prompt effort. The same feeling led him to turn from conflict or struggle, or from prosecuting a dispute with the energy necessary to secure success. And yet, prosaic as was his aspect, there was a reserve of heart and feeling within, a softness and romance, which no doubt came of innumerable disappointments and hopes frustrated. Almost tragic was the succession of troubles and trials that were in store for him, and which he encountered with much constancy and courage.

How accomplished a person was the Cardinal and how brilliant his gifts is shown by the success which followed his unpretending attempt at a story. The well-known "Fabiola" appeared in 1855, and apparently cost him but little trouble, nor did he

expect much from it ; yet it is a pleasing thing, of admirable workmanship, and as a mere story has dramatic merit. Most skilfully is the antiquarian information interwoven with the narrative. The fact of so stately a dignitary's venturing to write a popular tale was in itself piquant enough. But nothing save real merit could have secured such a success as followed. It was read all over the civilised world and was translated into a dozen languages. There were no less than seven Italian versions. The *mot* of the Archbishop of Milan was singularly happy and showed him to be a man of wit. "You have written a good book," he said, "and with the success of a bad one." Dealing skilfully with the necessary topic of love-making the Cardinal became at times somewhat stilted, but acquitted himself on the whole with success.*

Such was this eminent and brilliant Prelate, who in 1840 was appointed a Vicar-Apostolic, after administering for some years at Oscott College. It was natural, however, that from the very outset a man of such gifts and aspirations should meet with opposition, if not by decided hostility. This

* Other stories by Catholic ecclesiastics have not proved so successful. Dr. Newman's "Loss and Gain," though of entrancing interest as a picture of a soul struggling with religious difficulties, did not gain the public in the same way. It was found too didactic. "Callista" was another of his tales.

is in the usual order of things ; for old-fashioned characters and temperaments look with distrust and dislike on new methods and measures. This opposition came from the clergy, or from a section of them, and took the shape of a "school," which was, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells us, "resolutely opposed to the 'Romanising' and 'innovating' spirit." It looked coldly on new devotions, institutions, orders, &c., considering that there was in such matters a sort of finality already attained. "The restoration of the long-expelled images to the churches, the coming of the Jesuits, the multiplication of devotions to the Blessed Virgin and Blessed Sacrament—such were hardly relished." "Fancy prayers," as they have been called, did not commend themselves. Dr. Wiseman was certainly much in advance of his time in his ardour to introduce true Catholic practices. He wished to see more fervour and earnestness, and he traced the absence of these things to a lack of suitable teachers, to a defective ecclesiastical training, owing to the necessity of setting every priest to work at once. "The succession of holy and ascetical men was lost amongst us," he said. "We are like the Jews returned to Jerusalem, or like the first family after the Flood—we have to reconstruct everything." The remedy lay deep and could only be found with time. And what was this remedy? It might now seem a strange

one, but the issue has shown how true and sagacious was his forecast. It was to secure new men and to win over recruits of a fitting quality and training from his opponents' camp. His heart seemed to be set on this. "I have made these remarks," he said, "to account for our *low* state and to show our endeavour to rise from it. One thing would at once effect it. Let us have an influx of new blood; let us have but a small number of such men as write in the 'Tracts,' so imbued with the spirit of the Early Church, so desirous to revive the spirit of the ancient Fathers; men who have learned to teach from St. Augustine, to preach from St. Chrysostom, and to feel from St. Bernard. Let even a few such men, with the high clerical feeling which I believe them to possess, enter fully into the spirit of the Catholic religion, and we shall be speedily reformed and England quickly converted. I am ready to acknowledge that in all things, except in the happiness of possessing the truth, . . . we are their inferiors. I have long said this to those about me—that if the Oxford divines entered the Church we must be ready to fall into the background. I will willingly yield them place and honour; depend upon it they do not know their own strength. But let them be with us, and their might, as His, will be irresistible." We recall this eloquent tribute to those excellent men with pleasure and admira-

tion. Has not all that he thus forecast come about? This "high clerical feeling" is exactly what the "converts" have imported into the Church—and with which Cardinal Manning succeeded in permeating all that came under his influence. Dr. Wiseman himself had this "high clerical feeling" in common with them; and as he looked round on those about him—the rough, imperfect materials with which he had to do his work—he must naturally have looked with wistful eyes at this choice band of men whom only delicate handling would bring to his assistance. But this was only one of the many projects that suggested themselves for the improvement of his Church. He was meditating a serious, far-reaching reform in its organisation without which he felt but little could be done.

The story of the foundation of the Catholic Hierarchy in 1851 is now a very familiar one, and has been told and retold so often—recently and very completely by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his "Life of Cardinal Wiseman"—that I do not propose to retell it here once more. We know, by heart almost, all the details: how its originator and most energetic supporter was Dr. Ullathorne—how it was insisted that the English Government had been consulted and had given its consent—a misconception, for the receiving a communication

passively, by a person in office, is a somewhat different thing from approval—together with all the confusion that followed. It is well known what made the change almost imperative, viz., the uncertain position of the Vicars-Apostolic of the different “Districts,” as they were called. This word “District” is an unpleasant one, and hints at the limits of their duties, which seemed more in the way of inspection than of control. The theory was that the Pope himself was the Metropolitan Primate of England, and the Vicars merely his delegates—a position that fettered them in every way. They had only a delegated control, and when they exerted their limited powers, innumerable appeals were always passing. This brief outline shows at a glance what the situation was, and how the Church, so long as it was in such leading strings, could not make any advance. As is well known, the creation of the Catholic Hierarchy brought about serious agitation. The feeling showed itself in other disagreeable ways, during the few years that succeeded, but it gradually died away. The Stockport riots of 1852 were certainly the outcome of this hostility; in an attack on a Catholic procession some lives were lost, and two chapels were wrecked or burned. This stirred up bad passions on both sides. It is curious to find, by the way, that in the country these semi-religious processions, in which

religious emblems were carried, had been going on for years without causing any offence ; they seemed to have been classed with those of Oddfellows, Foresters, and the like. At the present time they have become generally accepted, and Salvationists, Ritualists, Catholics, and Protestants may "proceed" as often, and in what fashion they will. This outburst of fanaticism for long left its traces behind—one being the total proscription of all English Catholics as members of Parliament—an exclusion that was to last for forty years.

The Government of the day made a rather unworthy attempt, perhaps to curry the favour of the mob, by forbidding the wearing the ecclesiastical dress in the highway. They called attention to the penal enactment of the Emancipation Act (10 George IV.), and, as if dealing with some proscribed sect, required that no one, under penalties, should wear an ecclesiastical dress on the public highways. The Catholics were accused of "disturbing congregations" by their processions, music, etc., and were roughly warned that the Act would be put in force. It now seems incredible that the *Times*—which had, however, spoken of priests as "surpliced ruffians"—should have declared that the streets were infected by "a parcel of dirty people," in the dress of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, who went about "hunting in couples,"

and who were "noisome emissaries" of Rome. The "man in the street" naturally scrutinised closely any of these unlucky persons, to see if they were violating the law. Sometimes they were roughly shoved off the pavement into the gutter, one rough spat in the face of a priest, and two of the Christian Brothers were dragged off to the police-office and charged, but were at once released. The Catholics took it all quietly enough, and even good-humouredly, feeling that these excesses were natural in the "many-headed," and did not betoken any deep feeling. Dr. Newman wrote one of his logical letters to the Home Secretary, to learn what sort of ecclesiastical garb would escape legal censure—a matter very difficult to define.

But the new Hierarchy, while suffering these annoyances, had at the same time furnished a spirit and impulse to the Catholic body which made them more "pushful" or more aggressive, as it was thought, than before. They went on their way, forming the new organisations in every direction, and quite heedless of these "pin-pricks." It has often been noted how religious hostility will triumph over logic, fairness, good sense, and decency even in high places. An instructive instance was furnished in 1852 by the case of Mr. Scott-Murray, who was High Sheriff for Buckinghamshire in that year, when the Chief Justice, Lord

Campbell, was one of the judges of assize. The High Sheriff attended the Chief Justice in his carriage with his chaplain, and noted that his companion seemed much out of humour. Lord Campbell gave the Sheriff a severe rebuke, which he afterwards repeated in the public court. He said, while acquitting him of any impropriety, and paying him certain banal compliments, that the chaplain was the chaplain of the judges, and that as the religion of the judges of England was the Protestant one, so their chaplain should be Protestant. He considered the proceeding "an encroachment," and he added imperiously that he hoped it would not be repeated. This harsh rebuke was given before the whole county. There was one characteristic touch in the tirade. He graciously paid a compliment to the Pope, the head of that religion, and, from an interview, had "every reason to believe *him a most excellent and praiseworthy person.*" This tone of patronage, amusing as it is, is significant as the expression of feeling of a gifted and cultivated man.

In the same year almost the same question arose for the second time, and Mr. Swift, one of the London Sheriffs, on going to the Queen's Levee, took with him his chaplain, Monsignor Searle. This ecclesiastic attended in the full garb of his office, and I well remember the surprise expressed

at the "insolent" boldness of the Catholics, as of the dignitary who dared to pass through the august precincts, his silken and showy robes fluttering behind him. It was said that Her Majesty was seriously displeased at the unusual spectacle. In a few days a notice appeared from the Lord Chamberlain "cancelling the presentation," on the ground that "the offender had been surreptitiously introduced." This case was clearly intended as an attempt to enforce the principle of the unworkable Ecclesiastical Titles Act, but the officials of the Court only made themselves ridiculous. At the same time we may admit that it should have been felt that the proceeding would be unacceptable at Court.*

Here is an incident which is mentioned in the life of Mr. Hope-Scott, and reads strangely now. He had built a church on his own property at Kelso, a district aforetime quite destitute of spiritual aid.

* Another business which made the angry passions rise was the affair of the Clapham bells. In that pleasant, old-fashioned place the Redemptorist Fathers had established themselves beside the parish church, in one of the old houses with fair gardens. Their bell ringing out for the offices, "Angelus," etc., disturbed some of the neighbours, who took law proceedings, which were carried to the Vice-Chancellor's Court. The action was fought with great spirit on both sides, and took a long time to decide. The Vice-Chancellor in a fair judgment declared that no doubt bells gave pleasant music, and were celebrated by the poets; but the principle was that "they must not be rung so as to be a nuisance." And on this ground he issued his injunction.

After a year or two it became obnoxious to the Scotch around, who one night burned it to the ground. It seems this outrage arose out of a local vendetta, a Scotchman having been killed in a fight with the Irish. It was not therefore done out of pure bigotry. But when the ringleaders were tried the strange thing was the judge's charge, "the jury might doubt whether it was necessary that Mr. Hope-Scott should build a chapel at Kelso, as the priest did not live there, but with this the rioters had nothing to do. He could have wished also that the caretaker of the chapel had gone to tell the police, but they could not blame the poor woman, and perhaps being a Catholic she might not like to make an appeal to the police." The charge was to the effect that the chapel was intrusive, and that Mr. Hope-Scott thus brought the matter on himself. The jury took these hints and found the prisoners guilty of rioting only. This was little over forty years ago.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Acts, as was prophesied, speedily became "a dead letter," not so much from the difficulty of enforcing it, as from the legal complications and confusion which it would have engendered. In 1867 a Select Committee investigated these matters, and Mr. Hope-Scott took a leading share in the investigation, being under examination for a couple of days, when with much

clearness and legal acuteness he expounded the various complications and embarrassments that had arisen. As we know, it was long afterwards repealed by Mr. Gladstone, not exactly as an act of grace, but as an incorrect and superfluous law.

The progress of the Church under the new dispensation was really startling. It seemed to advance, according to the familiar phrase, "by leaps and bounds." It was now full of annexation, extending its borders, kindling the fires, and completely awakened from its old lethargy. Priests, churches, schools, and convents began to increase with rapidity. In the whole of England there were about 1,000 priests; there are now, after fifty years, close on 3,000. Throughout the country there were not 500 churches and chapels; there are now over 1,500. There were some 50 convents; there are now close on 150 that maintain schools.

It was curious that for nearly thirty years after the establishment of the Hierarchy in England Scotland should have remained outside the range of ecclesiastical organisation. Not until about the year 1877 had the Catholic faith begun to so thrive in that country that some regular form of government was called for.*

* The progress indeed had been most striking during a space of sixty years. Thus in 1828 there were in the Eastern District 12 priests, 10 churches, and about 25,000 Catholics.

The first Provincial Synod, held at Oscott in July, 1852, was notable as carrying out "the full legislative ceremonial of the Church for the first time since the Reformation." The decrees were drawn up by the Cardinal, but as may be conceived the work dealt with was chiefly of an elementary sort. The most picturesque element was Dr. Newman's famous sermon on "The Second Spring," which so deeply affected all who heard it. In it occurs the contrast between the abject state of the Catholics in the days of his youth with the present openings of prosperity, which he fancied would have filled Bishop Milner with wonder and delight, could he have been called back to see it. The description is often quoted and is valuable because of its graphic touches. The

In the Western 22 priests, 17 churches, and about 45,000 Catholics. But in 1877 these numbers had swelled in the Eastern District to 73 priests, 87 churches, 7 religious houses, 55 schools, and 55,000 Catholics; and in the Western 146 priests, 122 churches, 6 houses of men and 8 of women; while the Catholic body had grown from 250 to 300,000. Here was sufficient call for new ecclesiastical organisation; and the matter being laid before the Pope, he, in January, constituted the new Hierarchy, consisting of two Archbishops and four Bishops. Three years later there was a further revival of religion in Scotland, when the old Fort Augustus, a military stronghold of General Wade's construction (the same who is associated with the roads "seen before they were made"), was secured for a monastery and Benedictine college, with room for 40 or 50 monks, a hospice, and about 100 pupils.

curious part is that, accurate as they are, these recollections are those of a Protestant. He also forecasted coming troubles for the faithful, and warned them that the trial was not yet past and that they must prepare for persecution. Nigh on fifty years, however, have gone since that warning was given, and it has been one long era of tolerance and of an ever-growing acceptance of Catholic sentiments and doctrines.

While the sermon on "The Second Spring," delivered at the first Synod, is often admired and often quoted, it is forgotten that Dr. Manning followed with another sermon of an equally impressive cast, which was called "Help nearest when Need Greatest." This was on his first appearance before the Bishops, and all were deeply touched by his appearance, style, and earnest manner. It is significant that on two convert clergymen, clergymen of such eminence, the burden should have been cast; and most interesting and dramatic the scene must have been.

Even after things had been brought into some sort of system by the Synod, there were the difficulties owing to the prejudices of the older clergy. As Mr. Wilfrid Ward says, the Cardinal's personal influence was the only means he had for "driving the heterogeneous team" which now formed the ranks of the English Church. He gives a very significant sketch

of the state of things at the time. "There was a small remnant of the ancient school, which had been more or less Gallican, some—like Mr. Wild, of Warwick Street—who had been at Douay *before* the French Revolution." He died in 1854. "There were the strenuous Ultramontanes of the Milner type—old Catholics and conservatives—but devoted to the Holy See; there were the converts of early days like Mr. Phillipps, who fraternised with Anglicans and dreamt of re-union; there were the converts of the Oxford School, some—like Mr. Faber—importers of Roman devotion and customs to an extent which Wiseman himself, Roman though he was, thought excessive; there were the various orders of Regulars;—and each had its own followers who hoped that their own special institution would prove the salvation of England." In England, as in France, the Rectors of parishes hold the office at the will of the Bishop, in contrast to the securer tenure found in Ireland. Dr. Roche and some other clergy petitioned the Holy See that parish priests should not be left removable at the Bishop's word. By way of concession it was determined that there should be a species of trial before removal. But this did not satisfy; they wished to be under the general parochial system, and were loud in complaint of the Cardinal's despotic treatment. It will be seen that the opposition was only part of the general current

which continued flowing on steadily from the days of Charles Butler to those of Dr. Wiseman in the shape of hostile canons and revolting coadjutors, to those of Dr. Manning's, when it was finally lost in the sands.

But this current was strong and impetuous ; and, as we have just seen, Cardinal Wiseman, ever troubled and uneasy, found himself harassed and baffled by it in many ways. He was alone almost ; but presently there was to come to him a fine, powerful nature, and one of much energy and sagacity, whose aid was of incalculable service.

CHAPTER II

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

IN the midst of these difficulties, when the new Cardinal had little to rely on save his own energy, there was sent to his assistance a man of special gifts—gifts, too, quite *hors ligne*—and one exactly suited to the situation; aspiring like himself, and capable; who was destined not merely to assist him in his work, but to carry on and to complete it. On April 6, 1851, a very remarkable conversion took place, when Henry Edward Manning, sometime Archdeacon of Chichester, began his Catholic life.

“The convert!” How lightly is that little word spoken, as though signifying merely the passage from one Church to another! But how much it stands for! For what agonising wrestlings and torture of mind, unseen and unknown! What rendings and bendings of the conscience! What struggles and calls long resisted and finally obeyed! What tearing of the heart-strings! How awful the almost

cruel disregard of family ties and interests—the light and the truth having to be often purchased at the sacrifice of all that is dearest in the world ! How many a noble soul—say some vicar or curate—has had to go through the agony of witnessing the tears and miseries of wife and little children, whom he was leading away to privation and starvation ! What could be finer than that martyrdom—that sealing of conviction by such sacrifice ?

This process of being converted, with all its painful stages, fluxes, and refluxes, has rarely been so fully disclosed as in the case of Dr. Manning, whose heart-searchings and doubts have been set forth in his private papers and journals, whose perusal we owe to Mr. Purcell's indiscretion. The Catholic who reads and studies these deeply interesting records may well turn his eyes inwards upon his soul, and ask himself if *he* has ever had searchings or found his state easy and quite comfortable, only from a placid content and a careless acceptance and a disinclination to take the trouble of finding a reason for the faith that is in him. We may at least envy the deep search and study and knowledge which led these admirable men at last across the border.

Dr. Manning was ordained a priest within three months from his conversion, a haste that excited some surprise. But it was felt that one so well

grounded, and who had been for years slowly working his way to the Catholic Church by a profound study of her theologians, was sufficiently prepared.* Two years later Cardinal Wiseman sent for him from Rome, where he had been following his theological studies. Already he was spoken of as a future Bishop.

In dealing with the ecclesiastical history of the middle of the century it has scarcely been sufficiently brought out that Dr. Manning for the ten years previous to his elevation had been the directing spirit of the diocese—the very *oculus episcopi*—his policy being almost uniformly adopted by his trusted chief. This connection not only furnished excellent training, but made him thoroughly acquainted with the diocese. In this sense it may be said that his episcopate extended to the extraordinary term of thirty-seven years.

Henry Edward Manning was the son of a West India merchant, and born in 1808, so he was then in the flower of his age. His mother's name was Hunter. Like Newman's, his family was not wholly English on either side, as it is believed that his father came from

* One of Mr. Purcell's strange speculations is associated with this matter: "Wiseman was large-hearted and sympathetic, and spared Manning, who was sensitive on the point, the *humiliation of remaining a layman longer than was absolutely necessary.*"

Jamaica, while his mother's family was Italian. He went to Harrow in 1822, and to Oxford in 1827. At college he was more distinguished in athletics than in scholarship, and from his dogmatic style used to be called "the General." His fellow pupils were Hope-Scott and Gladstone—two remarkable men—who were his most intimate friends, and who travelled with him to the parting of the ways. He read diligently and came out with a First Class in 1830. It was said that he picked up a knowledge of Italian *when shaving*. He became Archdeacon, and it is surmised would have reached the highest offices of his Church. From the first it was his fate to be regarded with distrust and prejudice; he was charged with being ambitious and seeking promotion, and above all was the "convert parson."

Dr. Manning, as we know, had a long and painful struggle before he could see his way to leaving the Church of his birth, and had to pass through these sore processes. Mr. Purcell saw in this nothing but trimming and pretence, and charges him with speaking with "two voices." Nothing more sordid or hypocritical could be. It amounted to this, that he continued to enjoy the dignity and emoluments of his office, with the confidence of his Protestant flock, being convinced all the while of the falsity of the system he was teaching. All who knew the late Cardinal and have read the history of his struggles

would know that this theory of "the two voices" is a delusion. Mr. Purcell has in fact completely misunderstood the writings on which he founded the charge, that he "regarded it as a duty" to play this part of a hypocritical clergyman.

The simple answer to this perverted legend is that Dr. Manning for a number of years, from 1845 to 1850, owing to various incidents that occurred in his Church, was seriously exercised by growing doubts and difficulties which there was no resolving. These came to a number of others besides himself, while those arising out of the Hampden and Gorham controversies may be said to have been general public doubts that affected the whole orthodox portion of the Church. These doubts came to him also, and beset him, but he made them no part of himself. He was in the hands of the keepers of his conscience; and he sought for answers. He felt that the doubts came from outside, and clung to the hope that the Church would find some way of asserting her old guidance. In such a state of suspense he felt that he had no right to alter his external position or to cease from advising or instructing others, and this is just what a person even in our own Church, if ever afflicted with doubts, would be bound to do. Such, too, is the attitude of a barrister who has his own opinion of the law and true merits of a case, but who does not

allow it to interpose between him and his client's interests. All this can be proved in the clearest way by his own utterances in journals, letters, etc.

Thus in October, 1845, he tells R. Wilberforce that he has anxiety, but not doubts—"for nothing can shake my belief of the presence of Christ in our Church and Sacrament," but he saw defects in their theological system, which was a chaos.* Early in the following year, 1846, we find him ruminating, as it were, over his feelings and tendencies; and here it may be said that such meditations in a journal have nothing official or authoritative. Many are fond of thus registering their moods and of analysing their state of mind, just as one pours out a vast deal in informal conversation, which is never meant to have authority or to be accepted as a deliberate opinion. It was thus that Johnson talked with Boswell, and that judicious reporter "edited" all these utterances, comparing and correcting them by the Sage's known views.†

But even without these limitations they cannot be made to support Mr. Purcell's view. He writes in May (and I will select the passages that seem to

* Life, i. 504.

† From Boszy's notebooks we find that he carried this principle so far as to set down what he knew Johnson *would* have said on a particular occasion. He had an instinct for this that was almost supernatural.

tell most against him) that he was conscious of an extensively changed *feeling* towards the Church of Rome . . . "I have *felt* that the episcopate is secularised and bound down beyond hope." . . . "I have *felt* a greater difficulty in arguing in favour of the Church." . . . "Something keeps saying, 'You will end in the Roman Church.'" Mr. Purcell emphasises the fact that this was two years before the Hampden controversy and four before the Gorham case, when Dr. Manning so thoroughly identified himself with the case of his Church. "In his sermons and charges there was not the slightest indication of such a misgiving." Most natural, because the "misgivings" were as to the power of his own judgment, and he did not need to trouble his flock with his own uncertain fancies and impressions. Two years later he was still in the same mood. He felt that he could not rest in the Church of England on a higher basis than an "intellectual" one. Still he thought it to be right, but not because he believed it so. By June, 1850, he had gone a little further, but still with only feelings and impressions dominating him. He was logically convinced (he wrote "under the seal") that the one Church was at Rome, "*but I mistrust my conclusion.*" Yet another signal proof of this double voice is his letter to his Bishop on the Gorham affair. "*We believe* that the Church possesses the

Divine traditions of faith and has no need to go beyond itself for the question of orders. But *we trust* that the Church in England, like the Churches of Spain and France at the time of the great Western Schism, has continued to be a perfect member of this Divine Kingdom." "We trust," "we believe," that is, "according to the one efficient formula which you and I hold." In fact, the whole Gorham question was at this moment a matter of legal consideration, and every one was "trusting and believing" and hoping.

No one who has known or talked with him will forget the extraordinary fascination his figure and manner exercised. He was irresistible. It was impossible to look for a more dramatic type of the Catholic ecclesiastic. The spare yet elegant figure, the ascetic face, the large grey eyes, the capacious yet most delicate forehead, suggestive of the ascetic mask of Dante; the general grace, the elegant and highly-finished manners, and the tenderly modulated voice—these things lent an almost overpowering influence to this wonderful person, one of the most attractive that in my humble sphere I have ever encountered. I may say he was ever kindly and winning to me, and again and again would press me to come to his house and "have it out," as he called it, in reference to his *penchant* for Home Rule or to mine for the stage.

In a graceful address Archbishop Vaughan, when acknowledging the congratulations of his clergy on his appointment to the metropolitan see, took occasion to give this vivid account of their old friendship and of his career:—

“For forty years I had the privilege of being associated with him on terms of perfect and familiar intimacy: twenty years as a disciple and subject, and twenty years as a colleague in the episcopate. It is some comfort to me—in the sense of loss which still hangs like a pall over our souls—to think of how much I owe him. To no one after my own dear father and mother do I owe so much—more than words or deeds of mine can ever repay. The noble ideals of life which he fostered, the high standard of priestly aim and conduct, the complete consecration of self to the work of the salvation of souls, the singular tact and charity with which he bore with me in my varied failings—this and much more which is not for public utterance lies spread like a covering of benefits and charities. We have ever been on the most affectionate and intimate terms, freely discussing all matters with the large tolerance which was part of his nature. Who could converse with him without being refined? Who could live with him without being raised to a higher than his own human platform? Selfishness and greed stood abashed in his presence. The service of

God and the love of his neighbour were the keynotes of his life. . . . The repeated and persuasive exposition of the noble and Divine character of the Christian priesthood during his long career as Bishop seemed to me the greatest of the spiritual services that he has rendered to the Church with me. Our gratitude is further due for the effective way in which he continued and completed the work of his eminent predecessor in breaking down the wall of prejudice that had been built up against us by centuries of misunderstanding and deception. With gifts and faculties all his own—activity of mind, power of speech, admirable tact and broad human sympathies—he accepted the opportunities as they offered themselves for serving his countrymen. Englishmen began to recognise that the Catholic Church is not a petrified relic of the Early or Middle Ages, that she is no foreign institution alienating the affections and services of her followers from the interests of home and moving about tentatively and furtively in this English soil of ours as though she were a stranger and an alien. This happy change we owe partly to extended education, and partly to the teaching and influence of the champion whose loss we deplore.” As he preached who was not touched and impressed by the ascetic-looking Henry Edward, with his calm glowing eyes, the tender notes of his voice, the sense of complete reserve and

responsibility, the attitude of being a "messenger" of the Most High, with complete carelessness as to himself, and the general impression of distinction which he left on the spectator? I never looked at or listened to him but the lines of Shakespeare recurred:—

"As in the theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinks his prattle to be tedious."

As he descended the steps of the pulpit and moved away, those tones still lingered melodiously in our ear, the ascetic face was still present, and the high truths which he had put before us with such impressiveness as only his own manner could give seemed thereby commended beyond their actual value. Then struck in the organ and the loud choristers, but these were only listened to vacantly, we "thinking their prattle to be tedious."

Once within the Church, his restless spirit, according to his biographer, "was eager to find itself in a position as conspicuous as that which he had lost in the Church he had left. It would not do that the Archdeacon of Chichester should be in a subordinate position. The only acceptable alternatives left, therefore, were either to open a new mission in London, or to found a religious com-

munity." The ambitious convert was looking for some place or office where he could advance himself. But it will be seen the various alternatives are almost ludicrous. "Had he desired to join the Jesuits the long novitiate, which would not have been relaxed in his favour, would have kept him out of sight and public work, and this would not have suited Wiseman's views or his own wishes." Had he felt a real vocation to join the Society, neither "Wiseman's views nor Manning's 'own wishes'" (by the very terms) would have been in the way. A person with ambitious views would not join the Society, and of course would not desire to have "the long novitiate relaxed in his favour."

During this period, 1854, we are told "Manning occupied an unique position," for although he had not joined the Jesuits he heard confessions. This unique position came to "an abrupt conclusion," owing to its inconvenience, and to his not belonging to the Society. But the biographer accounts for this by imputing to Dr. Manning the most earthly motives. The Cardinal, he says, could not give him a mission as he had no experience, and there was no vacancy; on the other hand it would not do to place him in "a subordinate position." These, as a matter of course, were not the reasons, the Cardinal wishing to keep him by his side for superior work.

Dr. Manning's view of Church polity was sur-

prisingly consistent, and he held it to the end. The wonderful thing was that he, a *new* Catholic, with hardly time to have become at all familiar with the paths and currents, should actually have been far in advance of the existing Catholic clergy and laity. Not only did he carry out his own policy, the fruit of his own convictions, but he succeeded in stamping it on those who were with him and who came after him. What he intended, which with clear vision he saw was lacking, was a system of centralisation. And before he died he saw this established in the most complete fashion. It showed an extraordinary spiritual instinct. This "convert parson" was quick to measure the breadth and depth of the evils that were round him, and to recognise the immediate necessity of confronting such evils. He was really alone ; but by education, training, refinement, discipline, immeasurably superior to all about him. His experience, gained when Archdeacon, of men, of the clergy, of visiting and disciplining congregations, was a thing not within the ken of the rough and honest Yorkshire and Lancashire priests.

All this seemed but the consequence of his early training and of the High Church traditions and the old parsonic spirit, of which he had never divested himself, nor indeed desired to divest himself. The Protestant vicar of those days had high claims, and

an earnest sense of responsibility and duty. He exacted from his flock the homage due to one who held not merely a spiritual commission, but was an officer of the State. This was also exhibited in his attitude to Dissenters—his natural opponents. The High Churchman, too—as we can learn from the Cardinal's record at Lavington—was devoted to work, and never relaxed in his labours or in stimulating his parishioners to labour. All this was ingrained, as it were, in the convert. The result, however, was something of a novelty: there was here quite a different type of Catholic Archbishop, which contrasted with the free, unstudied methods of the Browns, Ullathornes, and Grants. And it does seem that this infusion has been of much benefit to the Church and to its orderly administration. The old remnant of the parson was constantly suggested by his manner and particularly his dress, which in its tailoring and special "cut" seemed to have been designed by one who had worked for the Protestant Bishops. These touches, however, all added an interest and variety in his character.

Almost from his first entry into the diocese he grasped its condition, and his bold, far-seeing mind was projecting itself forward and devising reforms. His previous training was invaluable when applied to the rather "happy-go-lucky" methods of the

nascent hierarchy. No doubt abundance of cold water was showered upon his efforts, which were thought intrusive. There is really something almost pathetic in this spectacle of a superior, highly-cultured nature struggling to fashion imperfect material into a serviceable shape; and it does seem sad that the eloquence and distinction of this refined man should have been "cold-shouldered" from the very beginning. But he held on, for conscience' sake, in the course he had chosen, in spite of rebuffs and checks. Yet we can fancy the heart-sinkings, the chills, as this refined man encountered the well-intentioned, rough cleric who thought it good sport to check the "parson convert" in his own style. Nor was it so surprising that they should have entertained this feeling, for he seems to have felt much the same towards them, as is proved by a confidential letter written to his friend Talbot in 1859.

After noting how the Church was expanding, and how it had begun to touch upon the English people at every point, he showed what entirely new demands were being made upon it. Hitherto its aim had been to minister to the old Catholic household and to the Irish settlers—duties which did not require much preparation; but that now, the Church having entered into the public and private life of the English people, entirely new kinds of work were demanded. Such contact and conflict with the

public—with all classes, uneducated as well as refined—required a new race of men as teachers, directors, and companions. Then there was the question of their relations with Government. The standard of education was too low, and Catholics were dissatisfied with it. “A large number of our laity, chiefly converts, are highly educated, and the clergy are hardly a match for them.” Hence they go to the religious bodies for direction—a very serious matter for the diocese. Then the attitude towards highly educated laymen who were entitled, up to a certain point, to freedom of opinion, must be considered; they were not to be put down or checked like schoolboys. It came to this, that they should raise the standard and the general type.

“The old generation of bishops and priests,” according to Dr. Manning and Mgr. Talbot, were serious impediments in the way of reform. Under their direction “no great progress of religion was to be expected.” In 1860 the latter was of opinion that even the moderate progress made had been “in spite of the rulers of the Church.” Every change and improvement had been opposed. Jealousy, he fancied, was at the bottom of it. This seemed disheartening and, if it be a correct view, shows that Cardinal Wiseman and his faithful supporters stood almost alone, and makes this struggle the more

spirited and gallant. More astonishing too is it that Dr. Manning's policy should have been carried out so completely and so triumphantly, and that now, long after his death, we find a series of Bishops thoroughly Roman, and the whole atmosphere and administration of the Church essentially Roman also. It is to be suspected that this tone and air of superiority, with his rule and methods, which he stamped as with an iron will upon those whom he could control, were accountable for the dislike with which even in his latter days he was regarded by many clergy. So superior a person who was under suspicion of inspiring the dying Prelate, of furnishing him with advice, of "pulling the wires" of a whole diocese, was intolerable to the old clergy, who did not want reforms.

It is not difficult to understand Mr. Purcell's peculiar treatment of the Errington incident. Being persuaded that Dr. Manning had brought all his ambitious aspirations into his new Church, it seemed dramatic to represent the episodes in which he was concerned as so many efforts at gaining power. In this view the struggle to set aside Dr. Errington was dictated by a wish to clear the ground for his own advancement. It is not to be said that he deliberately developed this view in the face of dates and facts, but this *parti pris* coloured all his judgments. The truth is, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward has

shown, the writer has travestied the whole matter, furnishing a wanton and purely imaginary series of motives which had nothing to do with the matter. Dr. Errington, the coadjutor of Cardinal Wiseman, had headed a sort of revolt against his authority and thwarted him, while the Canons of the Chapter had thrown off the authority of their provost, Dr. Manning. Both Cardinal and Provost were "de-lated to Rome." To go on in such a state of things was perilous to Church discipline. The Holy See took cognisance of the matter, caused Dr. Errington to lay down his office, and supported Dr. Manning in his acts. The whole proceeding was defensive and necessary for self-preservation, and nothing could be more gallant than the unselfish way in which Dr. Manning stood by the dying Archbishop. Instead of nursing ambitious views, he was literally ruining all his prospects, for, as he was warned at Rome, it was but too likely to be "all over" with him and his Oblates, in case of the Cardinal's death, when Bishop Ullathorne, Grant, or Clifford—"liberal" Prelates—was almost certain to succeed.

With this view of the case, which is unimpeachable, it is astonishing to read such passages as this: "An Archbishop can no more get rid of an uncomfortable coadjutor with rights of succession than a man can rid himself of an uncomfortable wife. He knew,

none better, that no Bishop can be removed from his see except for a canonical offence. To moot such a question in Rome called for the exercise of the highest sorts of diplomatic skill. To carry it into effect required something beyond skill—audacity.” There is no connection, it will be seen, with Dr. Errington’s offences. He then suggests that the whole was “got up” by Dr. Manning, who was persuaded that the movement, or, as he called it, “conspiracy” was anti-Roman or anti-papal . . . that the head and front of the movement was Archbishop Errington. “Manning considered it his bounden duty and obligation of conscience to remove at all costs and hazards Wiseman’s coadjutor.” But all the same Dr. Manning is represented as being nervous about his position. During those years “he sent constant and alarming reports to Rome of Wiseman’s failing health: “His life hangs by a thread; he will never be the same man again,” “a change for the worse may take place in forty-eight hours”—the insinuation being that he was in a hurry to step into office. Such, then, was this wonderful “Errington affair.”

It is curious to recall now that the origin of the Oblate order was the supposed disinclination of the religious in London to give any missionary aid to their Archbishop. It was with these high views that he proposed to establish here the Order

of Oblates of St. Charles, who should be more at the disposition of the Bishop than the existing orders. There is a long and pathetic letter of Cardinal Wiseman's addressed to Faber, evidently complaining that all his applications for aid were met by the invariable answer that the Rule stood in the way. He urged that they had the choicest positions, got the very cream of the congregations, yet they declined to go outside their churches and do plain missionary work. The generous Faber, whose answer Mr. Purcell has not given, leaving the impression that the Oratory was inflexible, was only too ready to come to his aid, and supported his assurances by acts. There were, however, at the time great difficulties as to the relations of the Orders with their Metropolitan. Not yet had they come to be looked on as invaluable auxiliaries. The Jesuits, owing to old prejudices, were for long refused to be allowed a share in education. These relations in time came to be happily adjusted by the Holy See, and now the Orders in London do missionary work like the secular clergy. The Oblates, who were specially intended to supply the wants of the Archbishop, and to furnish priests whenever the Archbishop was in a difficulty, have now become a fixed institution, and, like the other Orders, attend to the wants of the flourishing district round them. This, however, seems a departure from their original

position. With them Dr. Manning lived for some years a sort of monastic life. He prevailed on Cardinal Wiseman to place the seminary of St. Edmunds under their direction, with good result; but this step furnished some of those unseemly contentions described with such unbecoming candour by Mr. Purcell, and they were eventually withdrawn.

The general prejudice against Cardinal Wiseman's confidant and adviser now became so strong as to become sorely harassing. Everything he did was misrepresented or perverted. His own self-interest and ambition for advancement was set down as the motive for intrigue and for dominating the enfeebled Cardinal. In the life of the Curé D'Ars, we find the same sort of persecution, which always seems to be in proportion to the integrity of the victims. We may condone Mr. Purcell's indiscretions for the sake of the noble and pathetic letters in which Dr. Manning was compelled to vindicate himself at Rome, as well as for the generous, heart-felt, and indignant terms in which the Cardinal vindicated his trusted counsellor.

"Is a man," he asked indignantly, "who has effected so many and such great things for God's glory, to be despised and treated as one merely ambitious, cunning, dishonest, seeking nothing but his own interest? . . . I do not hesitate to say that in all England there is not another priest who in

double the time has done what he has for the Catholic Church. If the activity of the one is to be contrasted with the inertness of the other, it will be easy to see which is to be encouraged—the generous activity which gives without any limit, or the easy post of criticising and defaming. But I feel that a greater issue has been raised. It has become a question of episcopal jurisdiction and of capitular submission. It has thrown out into light and prominence the whole matter of seminaries, their direction and their rule; of the secular priesthood, their spirit and manner of life.

“Of his spotless life I do but say merely that it has never been subjected to the slightest criticism. He enjoys a reputation as a preacher that is above envy. He ranks in my opinion the first in England, without any exception, inasmuch as he has two very rare gifts, a mind strictly theological and a moving eloquence, so that he instructs the intellect and moves the heart.”

He then records his many successful cases of interference in difficulties, of his appeals to the authorities against institutions that were in fault. It was said indeed, the Cardinal goes on, that “he governs my diocese, that I see everything through him. I answer that a Bishop who possessed a man gifted with so many excellent qualities—prudence, learning, etc.—who has done so much for God, and

should repel him and keep him at a distance, make little account of him, and even persecute him, and seek to drive him away instead of rejoicing in his fortune in possessing him, would have indeed to give an account to God.”*

Of himself Dr. Manning wrote these burning words, which have truth in every line: “I am accused of a love of power. I would ask to know what there is in my past or present acts to show that I have enriched myself or acted in rivalry with any one, or crossed any man’s path or deprived him of any due, or sought honours, titles, or promotions, or indulged in the arts of ambition. But I will make a free and frank confession. There is a power I earnestly desire, strive and pray for. To make reparation for years spent in ignorance, which I trust I can say before God was not voluntary, to spread in England the knowledge of the only one faith. . . . I have reason to believe that in Rome my name has been breathed upon at least by the evil spirit which has been abroad in England. I never lifted hand nor spoke word against the Archbishop. I never willingly or knowingly displeased him. But I found myself the object of his—I will believe—conscientious opposition. He began the contest. He aimed at destroying the whole I had endeavoured to do. He alienated one of my friends

* Ward. Life of Cardinal Wiseman.

and withdrew him from the congregation. He directed the Chapter in their protracted and harassing conduct to myself. He guided them when I was delated to the Holy See. His friends have simply maligned me here in England, as I know. . . . Vague and dark insinuations are not truthful or just. Of one thing I am indeed conscious, viz., that the work in which I am engaged in obedience to your Eminence is directly opposed to a certain traditionary practice and spirit among ecclesiastics in England, many of whom I regard with deference, but others not so."

"I have lived for work, and not names and promotions. . . . The work, if any, that I have been able to do, does not stand upon the favour or name or countenance of any one under our Lord or His Vicar, but upon its own feet; and nothing can affect it so long as we keep within the grace of God. . . . If the Holy Father wished our work dissolved it would be gone before sunset. If he did not, nobody in the world, I believe, could undo it. For the future, therefore, I am without a moment's fear."

Here is the supreme vindication of his disinterestedness and loyal spirit. Every word of it can be implicitly accepted. We see in it the whole course of his harassed life—the cultured, refined ecclesiastic brought in contact with rough natures who did not understand him, who held him in dis-

trust and suspicious jealousy for this very culture and refinement—a soul with the highest aspirations, and a longing to raise his Church to the position which he felt was its due and which it could attain, but chafed and worried and suspected at every step. And he must have been conscious too that all his earnest exertion was set down by low minds to the vulgar motive of seeking promotion, of plotting to succeed the Cardinal. Plotting he was, but it was to save the Church from the blight of an indifferent, easy-going system. But it is unnecessary to linger over the details of this joint *imperium*, which have been elsewhere described so fully. Though Cardinal Wiseman's reign was a great advance on what had gone before—and he introduced many reforms and improvements—it is but too clear that the major portion of his time had to be devoted to the settlement of and to alleviating the burden of heavy sickness and these unhappy contentions.

But now the troubles of his course were drawing to a close. He had long, as we have said, been in ill-health and was suffering from several serious maladies, of which “worry” might be considered not the least. When the crisis came on in February, 1865, his faithful friend and assistant was far off, in Rome, and had written to him his hope that he would govern his diocese for many years, and see the maturity of many more of his works. Un-

consciously he wrote his epitaph: "These last twelve years have been a great time and full of a great future. What we owe you in the rooting and development of the Hierarchy, and in rousing the Catholic spirit and practice of England towards the level of Rome, will be known only hereafter." This seems to shadow out that, if the occasion ever came, the continuity of that work would not be interrupted.*

The picture given by Cardinal Manning's biographer of Cardinal Wiseman's later days, as so helpless and dominated by his secretary, the rough and plain-spoken Monsignor Searle, is surely exaggerated beyond all proportion. In ecclesiastical as in the common life, when old age and disease are at their work, there is a natural disinclination to attempt new enterprises and reforms which it is felt may be announced and begun but cannot be carried out without a certain amount of health and strength. The wisest course is to go on in the old ways and wait for the successor. Eager as Dr. Manning is shown to have been to press on the newer order, it is clear that this view at last came home to him as the fitting one. Very naturally, too, those who have been long in office—religious as well as secular—acquire certain old-fashioned ways, and are hardly

* Dr. Manning in an article had just written a survey of all the Cardinal had done.





Step. Paganini

“in touch,” as it is called, with the new developments. Due allowance should be made for this. The matter, such as it was, was trivial, and has been unduly extended in a gigantic struggle between contending factions, it being really no more than the discussion of details between persons advocating different views and politics. Monsignor Searle and many of his brother Canons were of the “old school”—stout, plain-spoken priests who had found it hard all their lives to furnish even a minimum of religious teaching, and had met surprising difficulties. They had no means with which to carry out the new and more frequent devotional exercises to which we are now accustomed, and thought it much if they “got” their people regularly to Sunday Mass and occasionally to the Sacraments. It is a surprise, however, to find these worthy ecclesiastics described as being tainted with *Gallicanism*! Nothing could be farther from the truth.

We might often think what would have become of the failing, dying Cardinal had he been without the skilful, faithful friend who was at his side in so many difficulties, furnishing him with advice, support, and energy. He would assuredly have been borne down and overwhelmed. The opposing Canons would have had their own way.

As now the harassed course of the Cardinal was drawing to an end, Dr. Manning was anxious that he

should appoint a new coadjutor with right of succession—a step from which the Cardinal literally shrank, as involving him in fresh agitations. This incident, which might be supposed to be an opening for the devouring “ambition” of his friend and supporter, was only to prove his unselfish disinterestedness. No one pressed him so much, or with such importunity, as Dr. Manning; but he was earnest in suggesting Dr. Ullathorne for the office, to the displeasure of the Cardinal himself. He urged every argument; and yet it seems clear that, had he prevailed, all his supposed ambitious schemes would have come to naught and his action might seem to be closed. Such was the unselfishness of the man on whom the Bishops looked as “the Cardinal’s evil genius.” But mark this: when the Cardinal implored that he should not be further troubled with the matter, Dr. Manning concurred and never referred to the subject again.

Hearing of his friend’s dangerous state, he was for setting out at once. Not merely some of the Cardinals, but His Holiness himself was desirous that he should remain, saying it was now too late to go. The faithful friend persisted, overbore all obstacles, and travelled sixty-eight hours without lying down, to arrive barely in time. The Cardinal died on the morning of February 15, 1865, and his funeral was remarkable for a display of public

sympathy such as had not been seen, it was said, since the death of "the great Duke."

The highly dramatic incidents and surprise which attended the choice of Cardinal Wiseman's successor have been fully recorded by Mr. Purcell. There was great expectation and suspense, which extended even to the Protestant world. For now the crisis had really come, and the old Errington issues were certain to be raised. On the choice depended whether the Church was to be "English" or "Roman" in its administration. During the long interval before the Holy See had come to a decision, Dr. Manning showed a calm dignity that well became him. His situation was an awkward one.

The usual course was to appoint the official who was directly in the confidence of the deceased Prelate, such as the Vicar-General or Provost, to carry on the business of the see. This is an obvious and natural course, and on the death of Cardinal Manning Dr. Gilbert, the Vicar-General, assumed the post.

The Canons, however, here saw an opportunity of showing their feeling, set aside Dr. Manning, who was Provost of the Chapter, and elected one of their body, Canon O'Neal. But worse was to follow. The official censure of Dr. Errington showed how displeasing to the Pope had been his

and his party's proceedings; already a warning had been conveyed to the Canons that his name would be considered a direct "insult to the Holy See"; yet the Canons forwarded Dr. Errington's name with those of Doctors Grant and Clifford, in a *ternò. a.* This unbecoming proceeding may be said to have settled the matter, for it was impossible to select the first, and the two others were known to be of his party. It must have been felt at Rome that this act showed how deep had sunk the disease, and that it was incumbent to select some bold and skilful man on the orthodox side.

In some letters written during this crisis Dr. Manning reveals the nobility of his mind in a very striking way. These utterances have a sincerity that is irresistible, and once more dispel all vulgar notions of "ambition" and self-seeking. They show that he was indeed a holy man, and give the petty *tracasseries*, with which his biographer has tried to involve his good name, their true significance. One would think indeed that the prize in view was some richly paid, all-important benefice, akin to that of the Archbishopric of Canterbury or York, instead of the unpretending, slenderly equipped position of Head of the small church of England. Thanking a friend for his kind thought and fear of giving him pain, *i.e.*, by the disheartening prospect now opening of all his hopes for reform

being overthrown, he says : " If I were to say that the subject had not been before my mind I should go beyond the truth, for in the last years, both in England and abroad, people have, out of kind but inconsiderate talk, introduced the subject. But if I should say that I have never for a moment believed the thing to be probable, reasonable, or imaginable, I should speak the strict truth. I have never, therefore, as you once said people thought, ' aimed at it,' or desired it. God knows I have never so much as breathed a wish to shine about it, and in all this time I have been as indifferent as if nothing were pending. I believe I may say that God knows I have lived for work, not for names or promotion. If I had refused what the Holy Father has hitherto given me, men would have believed this without my saying it; but if I had refused it, I doubt if I should have done the will of God." He then said that as his work stood upon its own feet, " nothing could affect it so long as we keep in the grace of God. I have, therefore, no fear of what Cardinal Baranbo may turn to. He may give me trouble, but nothing more. For the future, therefore, I am without a moment's fear. If I had wished for my reward in this world I should not have spoken out to the last syllable what I believe to be true. I have consciously offended Protestants, Anglicans, Gallican Catholics,

and worldly Catholics, and the Government and public opinion in England. You are the man who can best know and say whether this was the way to my reward in this world, and in this I hope to go on to the end; and I know that nothing can take off the edge of the truth, that under God is all I have ever trusted to, long before I was a Catholic."

Who shall say that this is not an affecting and touching *apologia*? and when we think that this was one who had put aside the certainty of the highest advancement in his profession, who might have reasonably looked to being ecclesiastical head of the English Church, to being wealthy, with a palace to live in, a noble position, and a field for all his political aspirations and ambition (if he had any); and yet was now supposed to be fevered with anxieties to obtain the direction of a poor, embarrassed Church, which would be, moreover, a certain pillow of thorns! In this view we see at once how genuine and how true is this confession.

a When the *terni*, or three selected names, reached Rome the Holy Father was angry. Had the way been clear he would not have hesitated as to his choice, and it was felt that under other conditions no more suitable selection could be made than the brilliant and energetic convert who was so devoted to the interests of the Holy See. The Pope, how-

ever, paused because of the difficulties and the danger of rousing the "old Catholic" party among the ecclesiastics, who had before given him so much trouble. He sought for light from above, directed prayers to be said everywhere, and by a sort of inspiration at last, on April 30th, made choice of Dr. Manning. An extraordinary, unexpected thing, when we read of the old conservative Cardinals who were all interested in keeping things in the old groove. Dr. Manning himself always said that the choice was due to his close intimacy with the Pope, who knew him thoroughly and had charged him with commissions of a very delicate kind. "But," he adds significantly, "the Chapter of Westminster did it," that is, it was owing to their indiscreet selection of Dr. Errington. "The origin," wrote Cardinal Capalti, "was an immediate injunction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ after many and fervent prayers to the Father of Light."

What a piece of good fortune—blessing, rather—it was that this distinguished man should have been placed in the high position he was to fill so long, and long enough to carry out all his plans! What an escape, too, had it fallen out otherwise! We know how powerfully the steady policy of a reaction worked out by one in authority will influence for a whole generation all those beneath him, and how the views of those in office are

respected by those dependent on a masterful spirit. And here is a strange Providential thing. His coming into the Church was on the eve of the New Era—the Establishment of the Hierarchy—the beginning of the half-century. For nearly the whole of its course, save for the last eight years, the Church was virtually directed by him, and his spirit influenced it even after his death.

BOOK III

NOTABLE PERSONAGES OF THE ERA

CHAPTER I

SOME DISTINGUISHED LAYMEN

BEFORE entering on the remarkable and picturesque career of Cardinal Wiseman's successor I propose, in this place, to take a view of the many capable and even brilliant personages who passed across the scene, or who took part in the New Reform, and gave it a distinction. This review is well worth making, and will, I think, be found most interesting, as not everyone is aware what an amount of Catholic talent and versatility has been exhibited during the half-century, or how many characters *d'élite* and choice personalities have taken a dramatic part in the events. Here will be a good opportunity for making pause in the narrative to allow this procession to defile before us. It is hard to settle with whom we shall begin. Odd to say, the characters that have most attraction seem to have been tinged with a certain eccentricity, or what may seem eccentricity to prosaic natures. Of this pattern was the brilliant and ebullient AUGUSTUS

WELBY PUGIN, a thorough artist whose gifts and aspirations were far in advance of his day. This remarkable man owed much to his French extraction. His passionate and intolerant ardour was almost irresistible, and his exertions were aided by the sadly corrupt state of public taste and the low condition of the architecture and art then in vogue. He was a reformer long before Mr. Ruskin, though he had not the captivating style of the latter, and he always contrived to present his theories in company with the teachings and practices of his Church. His undue extravagances, wholesale condemnation of all forms save one, the Gothic, naturally excited hostility and ridicule; while his grotesque and scornful sayings made him many enemies. Never was prophet of a faith so reckless, so sincere, so passionately in earnest, or so regardless of his own interest where his principles were concerned. Neither Bishop nor peer, nor wealthy patron even, could make him swerve a hair's breadth where he felt that these principles were at issue. That splendid monument, the Houses of Parliament, a perfect marvel considering the debased period in which it was erected, certainly owed its essentials to his inspiration.*

* A painful controversy long raged as to his and Sir Charles Barry's share in the designs; but all familiar with the work of the two architects can have no hesitation in giving Pugin the

It might almost be said that this great pile somewhat contributed to the Catholic revival, much as Sir Walter Scott's stories helped to re-create an interest in the old religion. It seemed to suggest Catholic associations, much as a Gothic cathedral would do. All the devices with which it is so lavishly embroidered—its sculptures, storied panes and dim religious light helped materially to foster this notion, to which the cunning hand of a Catholic architect and decorator had given reality.*

Pugin was a thorough and determined reformer of church ornamentation, and introduced the most striking improvements in manufacture as well as treatment. To him is owing the correct treatment of brass standards, chandeliers, and coronas. With such designs and suggestions he supplied his friend Hardman, of Birmingham, who set on foot a

chief credit, not merely of the general ornamentation and details, but even of the structural treatment. Pugin's fertile fancy and imagination are seen everywhere, with but little of Barry's correct conventional methods, as displayed at Bridge-water House, the Travellers' Club, and other works.

* Everywhere a piece of Pugin workmanship can be recognised from its beauty, certainty of touch, reserve, and perfection of proportion. Mouldings, reliefs, are all exactly what they should be, and where they should be. His altars, screens, railings, pulpits—to be seen at Farm Street, St. George's Cathedral, and in his own gem of a church at Ramsgate—all reveal this rich and elegant touch.

regular manufacture, of which Protestant churches also have had the benefit. Another ally and assistant was the well known Minton, a potter, who furnished him with church tiles after his own designs. There is nothing more pathetic than his humble letter to his friend, in his closing days, when his mind was somewhat clouded. He had quarrelled with him, and he pleaded for forgiveness on Othello's ground that he was over-wrought "and perplexed in th' extreme." To Pugin, also, we owe the stencilled decoration once so "fashionable" in churches—who does not recall the alternate monograms and rosettes in compartments, blue and red, alternate colours, and old English lettering? But this has become somewhat monotonous, and, as I fancy, has altogether "gone out." To him we also owe the great change in the pattern of the vestments used at Mass. The old stiff ~~Dalmatic~~ of French pattern is endeared to us from familiarity and long custom. But nothing can be said for it as a ceremonial garment, for the celebrant seems to move as if between boards. The flowing "Pugin robes" were more artistic, though there was the drawback that garments of this flowing, easy pattern ought to be *fitted* to each individual wearer. This is a serious objection, whereas the old, more rigid vestment seemed to fit every one. Many years ago these Pugin vestments fell out of favour and were interdicted, with

a reprieve until the existing stock had been worn out. But they are now restored, and can be used *ad libitum*. Pugin held by the principles of his art much as he did by the principles of his religious faith. They were sacred to him, not to be compromised or to be trafficked in. There is something noble, if Quixotic, in his treatment of that committee of Bishops and laymen who were planning a cathedral in London, and invited him to supply a grand set of designs. These he supplied on an elaborate scale—a cathedral, convent, schools, cloisters. The drawings excited much admiration, and were fully approved, when it occurred to some one to ask some searching questions as to cost, time of execution, etc. These he put aside, but quickly contrived to collect all his drawings, then took his hat and walked away without a word! Asked later the meaning of this behaviour, he explained: “You asked me,” he said, “to furnish you with designs. I did so, supposing that I was dealing with persons who knew what they wanted. The absurd questions put showed how wrong I was. *Who ever heard of a cathedral being built in the lifetime of one man?* The old ones took centuries. Then how could I tell the cost?—a small portion only could be built in my lifetime. If you approve of my design adopt it, and carry out all in part, or not at all.” This story gives us the man as he really

was, his fine spirit of independence, and his unswerving principle.*

All through his vast, multifarious enterprises there was this note of pathos, arising from his strivings after a noble ideal, which the more prosaic and practical minds with whom he had to deal were persistently checking, as they were compelled to do. He complained that he was never given full play, because he was always interfered with by his employers, and used to say that St. George's was spoiled by the instructions that it was to hold 3,000 people on the floor, and, in consequence, height, proportion, everything, was sacrificed to meet these conditions.†

* There were other stories of the kind in circulation. A reply of his to the Bishop is pleasantly characteristic. The Prelate wrote to him as to a church. "It must be *very* large, as there is a large congregation. It must be *very* handsome, for there is a fine new church close by. And it must be very cheap, for they were very poor." So *when* could they expect the design? Pugin wrote: "My dear Lord,—Say thirty shillings more, and have a tower and spire at once."

† On reading this passage Ruskin fell on him with infinite scorn and bitterness. "Rafaelle can expatiate within the circumference of a clay platter; but Pugin is inexpressible in less than a cathedral. St. George's was not high enough for want of money? But was it want of money that made you put that blunt, overloaded, and laborious ogee door into the side of it? Was it in parsimony that you buried its paltry pinnacles in that eruption of diseased crockets? Or in pecuniary embarrassment that you set up the belfry foolscaps with the

Indeed, his treatment at St. George's—and there was no reason for it but the lack of funds—must have gone nigh to breaking his heart. As we look at the noble design, given in Mr. Ferrey's book—with its nave soaring aloft in grand arches, its great tower at the intersection of nave and transepts, but now “tacked on” at the end—we can see what has been lost. The height was cut down, and the roof “clapped down” almost on the arches, so that the place was likened to a long railway station. In the sanctuary, however, he was left a free hand, and there he created what Dr. Johnson calls an “inspissated gloom”—a darkness that might be felt, or mystery, as he fancied it. Through the great rood screen figures might be indistinctly made out, flitting to and fro. The light was not dim or

mummery of dormer windows which nobody can reach or look out of? Not so, but the mere incapability of better things. I am sorry to have to speak thus of any living architect, and there is much in this man, if he were rightly estimated, which we might both regard and profit by. He has a most sincere love for his profession, a hearty, honest enthusiasm for pixes and piscinas, and though he will never design so much as a pix or a piscina thoroughly well, yet better than most of the experimental architects of the day. Employ him by all means, but on small work; expect no cathedrals of him, but no one at present can design a better finial.” The secret or motive of this bitterness is revealed in the next sentence, where we are bidden “not to allow his good designing of finials to be employed as an evidence in matters of divinity, nor thence deduce the incompatibility of Protestantism and art.”

religious, for there was none. This, as years rolled on, became intolerable, and under Bishop Butt's rule, a wholesale clearance was made. The sanctuary became as other sanctuaries—the fine rood screen was dismissed to the bottom of the church—a thing that might have made the architect move uneasily in his grave. The elegant little presbytery, with its enclosure—a charming bit of work—picturesquely standing on a tongue of land—was also taken in hand, and incorporated into a new and more roomy pile of building, for accommodation was sadly wanting.*

Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells a pleasant story connected with Abbé Ratisbonne's conversion, which Pugin was assured took place in the Church of St. Andrea, at Rome. Pugin visited the church and surveyed it with disgust. "The story is false, he *could* not have prayed in such a hideous church. Our Lady would not have chosen such a place for a vision. The man could have had no piety to have stayed in such a church at all." The friend then said that Ratisbonne had blamed the ugliness of the church. "Is that so? Then he is a man of God! He knew what chivalry was, though a Jew. I honour

* At St. George's for some years past the novel experiment has been tried of entirely "free seats"—I believe with success—equal at least to that of the old system. The church depends on the collections.

him. Our Lady *would* come to him anywhere." And his outburst at the opening of the Oratory at King William Street was as amusing, and might cause a smile at Brompton. "Has your lordship heard that the Oratorians have opened the Lowther Rooms as a chapel?—a place for the vilest debauchery, masquerades, etc. This appears to me perfectly monstrous. *I give the whole Order up for ever!* Why, it's worse than the Socialists! It is the greatest blow we have had for a long time; *no men have been so disappointing as these*. Conceive the poet Faber come down to the Lowther Rooms—well may they cry out against screens or anything else." How diverting is this! Equally his disgust at ill-made vestments. "*He* a good man! and wearing a cope like that!"

His personal adventures were strange enough—such as his three marriages—his mysterious love affair with Miss L., for whom, in view of her marriage, he had fashioned lovely sets of jewellery. He was an earnest, pious man, but his views were somewhat wild, his vehemence sometimes carrying him beyond what was strictly orthodox. When disappointed or crossed, he would break out into some startling pamphlet, which his friends had hard work to excuse.

As a craftsman his work was really exquisite, as was also the certainty of his eye in matters of grace

or proportion. I have looked over his sketch books, which are indeed charming. His etchings in the "Pugin" missal, with the bindings of the same, might be shown in a mediæval cabinet.*

His latter days were much clouded with many troubles, anxieties, and mental gloom. He died in 1852. His so-called "Life" is an odd piece of workmanship. It was written by Mr. Ferrey, a Protestant, who had but little sympathy with him or his works, none perhaps for his religion. Mr. Purcell was then called in to supply a religious view of the man, which was done *à la* Purcell, but to the total wreck of the original design.

I have thus dwelt at some length on the career of this remarkable person, because he was a type of many minds at the period who were carried forward by the same enthusiasm. The enthusiasm often engendered eccentricity, of which many of our Catholic leaders had their full share. Dr. Ward in his obstreperous buoyancy had much of Pugin's character.

From this fitful, phantasmagorian personage we

* At Farm Street Church should be noted the exquisitely proportioned pulpit, the elegant lamp of the sanctuary, the altar rail—all in his choicest manner. I believe, too, the richly flamboyant window was also of his designing.

turn to a more restful, solid, and engaging nature, that of CHARLES WATERTON, the celebrated naturalist. Such characters as his, well known, admired, and talked about, have a greater influence than might be imagined, reaching far beyond the period of their lives; for they keep before the public the feeling that here was an honourable, high-souled, conscientious, and in many points brilliant man, who proved by his life that a Catholic could be a thorough Englishman and squire, bound up in and proud of his country and all her interests. There was something fresh and dramatic about his whole course, which takes us back to the beginning of the century now concluded.

His father, as he told me, had danced with Sterne's daughter Lydia at the York balls.* His love of adventure, in the days when travel and adventure were difficult, imparts a fascination to his writings; no one had so tender a love for animals, or knew so minutely their ways and habits, or took such jealous care of them in his own domains. What shall be said of his old-fashioned

* He was a great admirer of Sterne's, and used often to declaim "The Dead Ass," which, speaking as a naturalist, he considered a perfect description. I have been amused to find rigid, almost ascetic, Catholics great admirers of Tristram Shandy and its humours.

oddities, quaint often, and seeming to be the survival of a century back ; his undaunted courage, and above all his saintly and truly practical piety ? I knew him well, and have often stayed with him at his Yorkshire house, and with each visit came increase of admiration.*

The most striking thing about him, paradoxical as it may seem, was the large and broadly liberal cast of his mind under what seemed to be the narrowest forms of bigotry. Protestants visiting his wonderful museum were often repelled by the spectacle of hideous animals stuffed and compounded together most ingeniously into shapes, which were made to represent Queen Elizabeth and the English Church, and labelled "*Old Mother Damnable*," or something as offensive. Yet no one more deeply loved and respected his Protestant friends and his Protestant country and its constitution, or more regarded their feelings, or was more eager to help them. In his own county—Yorkshire—every one, high and low, knew and liked "*t'ould Squoire Watterton*."

He was a most charming and even polished writer

* I may refer the reader who would know more to my "*Memoirs of an Author*," where will be found a very minute account of this extraordinary man, taken from a journal kept day by day, and written at his house.

when dealing with his favourite subject, Natural History. His "Wanderings" and "Essays" are almost classics, and his picturesque accounts of the wild birds in the forests—their notes, colours, and feathers, are truly attractive. I recall when he was writing his second volume of "Essays," the extraordinary labour with which he would write and re-write, turn and re-turn sentences—"polishing" them for days, reading them aloud and asking opinions, and yet never satisfied. Of bird-stuffing he made quite a science. True, there were some strange, Munchausen-like tales, such as his "Ride on the Cayman," and the semi-human head which he brought home; but these may have been ponderous jests at the expense of his sceptical brethren.*

The most marvellous thing was the truly ascetic life that he continued to lead almost to his death—night or day, cold or heat, hardness or softness were to him indifferent things. A block of wood was his pillow, a rug his bed. He prayed long during the night, and rose at the small hours—even at the

* More than once, but with due caution, I ventured something by way of allusion to the Cayman, or to the "nondescript," but saw that the subject was not a welcome one. In his latter days, however, as Dr. Harley tells us in his Memoir, he openly declared that these preparations were compositions of his own, done to show his ingenuity in the treatment of skins.

smallest. Of a snowy winter's morning at Christmas-time, when I and other members of his household were driving in to the town, we overtook him on the road, trudging along through the darkness, having started a couple of hours before. Part of this was no doubt a good deal owing to his early life and to his fixed habit of hard usage of himself; but it was also part of his religious life, and was supported by hours of meditation and prayer. His principles were as iron as was his constitution, and from them he never flinched. The closing years of his life were clouded by domestic troubles, which harassed him much, but were no doubt accepted as chastisements. After all, the finest tribute paid to him will be found in "The Virginians," by Mr. Thackeray, who heartily admired him.

Dr. Ullathorne, in his pleasant style, gives a portrait of a Catholic squire of Charles Waterton's type—one of the good old school—and who once more proves what an influence and testimony in favour of our religion is found in a character of a high and noble sort, working on the neighbours and the country round. He is speaking of Mr. Marmion Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in Warwickshire, who died in 1884. "This gentleman lived in an old mansion—one of those moated and fortified houses with a priest's hiding-place in the

roof and other romantic adjuncts. Tithing tenant of this place was the 'ould Squire,' who had every right there—simple, generous, and religious; in fact," adds the Bishop, "I never visited that family without thinking of our Lord's visits to the family of three at Bethany. When the poor were ill they always knew they might go to the Hall for a little wine or a rabbit. He never passed a poor man or woman without a kind word, or their doors without speaking to the family. Every one's heart expanded in his presence. Once walking in his hundred acres of wood—the last remains of the forest of Arden, the ground of which is covered in the season with wild lilies—he came upon a poor, decrepit woman gathering firewood. At the sight of the Squire she became alarmed. But he spoke to her kindly, as a father to his child, helped her to complete her bundle, took it on his own back, walked by her side, chatting with her all the way to her cottage, where he left her with her faggots." A very touching little story this, with a delightful old-fashioned flavour, and much more beneath than meets the eyes. For we are told that when the news of his death was heard "the whole country round was moved, and even Protestants in respectable position cried and shook through their whole frames. The 'dear old Squire,' as he was called, was

everybody's friend, but especially the friend of the poor."*

One of the most frequently repeated names in the Catholic world before the Hierarchy days was that of JOHN, EARL OF SHREWSBURY, a remarkable man and devoted son of the Church. He lived at a period when his creed was virtually a small sect, and had even to secure existence to be ever on its guard and on the defensive. His position was an extraordinary one. He had vast wealth, and was an unfailing aid to the Church in all its difficulties—a position which was rather a trying one, and necessarily subjected him to much pressure

* Of the strange, complex nature of the son, Edmund Waterton, my own forty-years' friend, it is difficult to speak. His schoolfellow for six or seven years, his fellow traveller, sojourner with him at home and abroad, I never could pierce to that extraordinary mixture of qualities. He was gigantic in stature and vast in his proportion, with certain negro traits in his face. He loved fancy dress; he was a Knight of Malta; was one of the Scottish archer guard, and in these dresses he liked to display himself. He had a serious stammer to struggle with; his manner was grotesque. Yet over all these things he triumphed, and no one got on in the world better than he did. He knew every remarkable person he wished to know; in Rome he would walk in at his ease to Cardinal Antonelli's, or to Odo Russell, or to General Goyon, commanding the French army, with equal familiarity. In London it was the same. He spoke Italian and French well. He seemed frivolous in his talk, and yet was deeply learned and well read. In subjects requiring deep research, such as his "*Pietas Mariana*," an account of the shrines of the Blessed Virgin in this country,

and obsequiousness. Nor was he without eccentricities. He was also inclined to controversies, and was much attacked for his support of "the Estatica," which was most vehement. He was a truly pious and admirable man. "His love of piety," says Bishop Ullathorne, "all his life was remarkable, as well as his spirit of poverty. No servant in his house had his room so poor as was his: he has in his grand mansion of Alton Towers a picture of St. Francis of Assisi, old, faded, common paper, worn-out curtains, no prospect from the windows, the commonest deal painted furniture and

he showed vast research. He had long meditated a History of the "Following of Christ," and made some wonderful collections, with all the known editions. These, I believe, have found their way to the Museum. He picked up here, there, and everywhere an astonishing collection of foreign rings of every age and country, which is now one of the attractions of the South Kensington Museum. Then came the curious contradiction. No man could be more devout, more pious in his prayers, exercises, offices, &c., yet his whole passion seemed to be for the earth and the good things of this earth. From an early age he had grown accustomed to self-indulgence—the gratifying of his every wish. A man who was of the same pattern, and equally religious, used to say plaintively enough, "All my life I have never denied myself anything." This passion led him to run into debt and to almost ruin. But his own powers of resource rescued him, and by a fortunate second marriage he restored himself. Though we had a difference, which was on the ever fatal score of cash, I own myself to be under a deep obligation to his friendship and good nature, and I always feel sorry that ever a cloud came between us.

common earthenware, with an old, broken-down chest of drawers. It was as poor as a convent cell could be." To Birmingham he had been a munificent patron. He gave the See £1,000 a year, and had promised to leave it a capital that would furnish that amount. In one will he had left it £50,000, which he reduced to £25,000, and finally £20,000 in railway shares. By some oversight or legal point this was lost to the diocese. A few years later, in 1856, his successor, Bertram, died abroad, leaving the diocese £500 a year in lieu of some leases bequeathed by the late Earl, and also a sum of £10,000. As is known, a claim was then made by Earl Talbot to the title and estates, which was maintained in the courts—a serious blow to Catholic interests in the country. In addition to other losses the Bishop found all the Shrewsbury missions without resources, and thrown upon his hands.

Forty or fifty years ago there was a name that was always sure to be mentioned when any Catholic interest was in question, viz., that of the Hon. CHARLES LANGDALE, really Stourton, a fine specimen of the "good" old English gentleman, without affectation or narrowness, always ready to "come into the open," and distinguished by a manly straightforwardness which gained him general

respect. He concerned himself chiefly with matters that affected the social position or education of his fellow Catholics, and worked to secure them, as a body, the advantages that their countrymen enjoyed. He was born in 1787, and after emancipation was one of the first English Catholics to enter the House of Commons, sitting for Beverley. From 1837 till so late as 1841 he also had a seat. In the effusive, generous feeling that prevailed it was natural that Catholics, after their long exclusion, should be cordially welcomed into Parliament. And in the years that followed we find quite a respectable number of influential members thus elected. Lord Edward Howard, later Lord Howard of Glossop, sat throughout for Arundel, the family borough, until it was abolished by one of the later Reform Bills. Mr. Disraeli, on announcing its fate, characteristically paid him some compliments, associated with a romantic or historic sense.* On the "papal aggression" Catholics perforce paid their farewell to Parliament, and it took some forty years for them to recover their old position. In any fair-minded constituency a

* This interesting, brilliant statesman, in whom there was a vein of high-strung romance, ever regarded the Catholic faith with a certain reverence, and took a pleasure in raising men of old Catholic family, like Sir R. Gerard, to the Peerage; and, as I know, found a particular satisfaction in joining the old title of the Mowbrays to that of the Stourtons.

Catholic of ability and working talent, like Mr. Walton, Q.C., would now be received without inquiry as to his religion, or an extreme Radical, such as the late Mr. Costelloe, who had done useful service, would certainly be acceptable.

That he was a man of cultivation and literary capacity is proved by his pleasing, graceful life of his kinswoman, the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose romantic story he set forward with a tact and reserve that helped very much to its acceptance. Since its appearance, now over fifty years ago, his account has more and more gained public acceptance.*

This good man was unwearied in his labours on the Poor School Committee and in every philanthropical work. As Dr. Manning said at his death in 1868, he had been for fifty years the foremost man of the Catholic laity. And Dr. Wiseman also paid him this tribute: "A man equally venerated by Catholics, respected by Protestants, and listened to with deference by the first ministers of State ;

* This is one of the most interesting episodes in Royal romance. Of the lady's virtue and high character there has never been question ; but a nice point might arise as to the propriety or discretion of a Catholic placing herself in such a position, where the *de jure* wife—and it so happened—was alternated with the *de facto* wife, which is hardly an edifying situation. The reader will find this romance fully set forth, "up to date," in my work "The Life of George IV."

a man for many a long year at the head of all Catholic works; who has only to make an appeal in the name of religion to rally round him all that is most intelligent and most noble in Catholicism; who has renounced a life of ease at his country seat to live in the metropolis and work for the poor."

No work that one takes down from the shelves fills us with more astonishment than the "*Mores Catholici*," or "*The Broadstone of Honor*." Their author was HENRY KENELM DIGBY, an interesting man of high aims and a perfect "dungeon" of heterogeneous reading. He was permeated with the feeling of chivalry—of a gentleman's honour—while in his writing there is a strain of noble, dignified placidness, as though he himself had lived in these remote days. He was born in 1800, and died in 1880. The most astonishing monument of his labours is the "*Mores Catholici*," in eleven portly octavos, which can be opened and read anywhere, and is brimful of quotations from the most recondite works; yet these are introduced without any laboured effect, and somehow seem to fit their places. A single page may introduce us to a dozen—it may be—of these choice "bits"—to some rare old poet, or to sentences from Richard of Bury, or someone of the same class. And so it goes on page after page,

we wondering at the depth and variety of the author's reading. His own language has a grave and antique simplicity that is very pleasing. The very "browsing," as Elia has it, on such pastures produces a state and dignity of mind—a lofty tone—a cherishing of high ideals: exhibited in his retired ways and in the choice of friends, as in the case of that idealist, Ambrose de Lisle Phillipps. These writings of his are so charged with the tones and feelings of past ages that we readily come to appreciate Julius Hare's praise of "The Broadstone of Honor," which he calls "that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such admonition would be needless, to love it next to his Bible." A fine compliment, and founded in truth. It is to be feared that none, or at best but few, read the "Ages of Faith" nowadays, and how this should be seems strange indeed. It may be that there is too much of the subject for delicate appetites, which cannot keep such solid food upon the stomach. Nor does the age, well equipped as it is with scholarship, endure this old school of learning; it must be shaped and fitted to modern patterns. Another of his works, "Evenings on the Thames: or Serene Hours and what they Require," 1860, was of a lighter texture, but showed the same prodigious knowledge of the

modern writers of all kinds, and the same apt quotations.

In these too practical days of ours we look round in vain for these men of high ideals who dream of finding, or awaiting below the crusts of sordid life, a noble and chivalrous spirit. This sort of thing nowadays seems to hang "like a rusted mail, quite out of fashion," and is not at all in request. Yet in the early years of this half-century there were abroad abundant aspirations of the kind, not merely in letters, but in the arts also. To this class belonged AMBROSE PHILLIPPS DE LISLE, whose enthusiasm was quite conspicuous even among fellow enthusiasts. His course was erratic enough. Though his views as to doctrine were of the orthodox strictness, no one was so largely tolerant or so affectionate in his relations. When only fifteen he embraced the Catholic faith in spite of his having an uncle a bishop, with whom he used to stay, and of being sent to various clergymen for his schooling. The change took place when he was at school at Birmingham, and was, of course, distasteful to his family, who placed him under yet another clergyman. At Cambridge he formed a friendship with the author of "The Broadstone of Honor," a devout and congenial spirit, only recently converted. What plans and dreams these two high-souled men nourished may be conceived. So earnest

were they in their faith that they used to ride over every Sunday to Ware to hear Mass—a distance of twenty-five miles! Having left college he could give effect to his plans and wishes for reviving the mediæval life. At Grâce Dieu Manor—a sound that is even now familiar in connection with his name—he gave to the monks of the Cistercian Order a tract of 230 acres of land, on which, with his and other help, they built their monastery. By 1837 he was in deep intercourse with the “Oxford Party,” whose “leanings” and tendencies he favoured in the warmest fashion. In 1857 he joined the odd but scarcely orthodox association for “The Promotion of Christian unity,” and was in fact one of its founders. However, when the principle of the Society, which started with the equality of the different religions concerned, was condemned at Rome in 1864 the ardent De Lisle withdrew from it. He died in 1878, leaving some sixteen children.* His Life has recently been published, and was to have been “handled” by

* A friend of his still survives—the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.D.—the well-known Vicar of Lambeth, who is stated (*Nat. Biograph.*) to have been his “former chaplain.” This could not have been during his Protestant days, as he was only fifteen when he changed his faith. At least a large number of De Lisle’s papers and letters are stated to be in Dr. Lee’s hands, which is natural, as both were ardent members of the “Union” Society.

the late Mr. Purcell, who, however, was interrupted by death. It was completed by Mr. E. de Lisle. There is a quaint story given of his passionate enthusiasm and zeal. He had brought a wavering friend to see a certain holy hermit, whose prayers and inspired words he was certain would turn the scale. When he introduced him as an English clergyman the hermit started up in a frenzy of religious excitement, calling out "Eretico!" "Damnato!" etc. He had to hurry his friend away.

Dr. Ullathorne, who had really a special gift for drawing character, gives this sketch of Phillips de Lisle just after his death in March, 1878: "He did a great work in his day, and he did it with a pure and simple heart. One must look back to his earliest days to see how religion took hold of him, and how family position and all else in the world were as nothing in his eyes when he heard in his soul the call of God—when he threw himself with childlike fervour into the work of restoring monasticism, and of boldly bringing the Catholic religion into open view at a time when others had not the courage or generosity of these things. One must recall the influence he exercised on the Oxford men, and the days when Dr. Gentili was his co-operator in evangelising the people, a work that fitted that remarkable man for breaking through the old and

timid condition of missionary work. One must look at Mount St. Bernard as well as Grâce Dieu, at Loughborough, &c., before we come to Garendon—his love of the Church and his popularising St. Elizabeth among us. Through discouragement and failures and successes, he went on the same from beginning to end. I know something of his sacrifices, and something of the difficulties that came upon sacrifices to give life the taste of trial.”

These words were addressed to De Lisle’s widow, and, allowing something for the generous view which the Bishop took of his friend’s character, it presents a charming and true picture of one who at the time seemed to the world an oddity. It must strike us, as we read it, how frequent in those early days are instances of Catholics giving up large portions of their fortunes, to find themselves later much crippled by their charity, for the founding of convents and monasteries. It is extraordinary how many examples there were then. But now the fount seems somewhat dried up. “Society” seems to make engrossing claims: there are the expensive sons and marriageable daughters. It may be, however, that the land is so well equipped with such institutions that the ordinary resources of charity may be left to do the work, while the Orders themselves are fructifying and throwing off off-

shoots and branches with ease and without assistance.*

Few names were at one time more familiar to the public than that of BOWYER—later Sir GEORGE—who was born in 1811 of a good old Berkshire family. He at first devoted himself to the law, in which he read deeply, and on which he wrote learnedly, and also very copiously. His erudition in this department was justly recognised by his appointment as Reader to the Middle Temple. This legal knowledge he began to apply with much success and *apropos* to the various religious questions. After he became a Catholic, which was in 1850, he came forward persistently, without truce or respite, in defence of the Church as every question great or trifling arose. He was in truth a most strenuous, troublesome person, and seemed disposed to quarrel with even those who agreed with him, on the ground that they did not agree for his reasons. When he sat in Parliament for Dundalk he was constantly speechifying, and became the self-appointed spiritual consultant of the

* There was an officer of this family, Rupert de Lisle—a brave, unaffected, religious young fellow—who lost his life in the Soudan wars. His life was written, an unpretending thing, but with a certain natural charm. His letters were affectionate and natural. He was beloved by all. Strict and holy in his life, there was no pretence at anything “sanctimonious.”

house. Letters to the *Times* might always be looked for on any religious question, just as Lord Grimthorpe's are now. He was certainly "crochety" in his ways. As he had the reputation of being "a crank," his advocacy of the Church and his general defence of it *in omnibus*, came to make the world indifferent to what he said, and it may be suspected that at the last he was thought "a bore." There was some amusement at his taking pleasure in his foreign decorations. He was a Knight of Malta, and of other orders; and had an odd faith in the first as an institution, which was shown in a substantial way by his erecting the pretty and very original chapel in Great Ormond Street, which is dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem, and attached to a hospital and convent. This charitable act brought about trouble and litigation owing to his attempts to keep the direction in his own hands.* His latter days were somewhat clouded. Unstable in his opinions, which were often regulated by feelings, he fell out of favour with his political friends, who actually turned him out of the Reform Club. Neither did he "get on" very well with the heads of his own religion. He lost his seat at Dundalk, but obtained another at Wexford, which again he lost. Such a man was not likely to be acceptable to the Irish,

* The hospital has recently been removed to the suburbs.

with whose character he could have little sympathy. Indeed he owed his hold of the seat at Dundalk to the personality of a single priest there. It was presumed that it was owing to his belonging to the Malta Order that he had remained single and solitary. He was found on the morning of June 7, 1883, lying dead at his chambers in the Temple. There is something adventurous and yet unsatisfactory in this fitful life.

We have noted that certain Catholics of the primeval times were in their nature so excitable that they seem to suggest something grotesque or what is called "*toqué*." Such was that strange being THOMAS CHISHOLM ANSTEX, who from the year 1840, or so, was constantly diverting the public with his oddities. The son of a Tasmanian settler, he came to England, where he was a barrister, and showed much energy and talent for his profession. Being, however, caught in the rising flood of Puseyism, or ritualism, he later joined the Catholics, and thenceforth exhibited a passionate, if not ferocious, enthusiasm for all that concerned his adopted faith. Like Lucas, Ward, and Veuillot, he imparted an acrimonious personal tone to theological controversies, and could not spare any one who opposed the Church, or *his* view of it. He took up with special violence the cause of the Irish patriots, and of those

who held the most extreme views. He could not see any merit in the reforms and panaceas offered by the English Government. But these were prompted not so much by liking for the Irish, to whom he was by nature and feeling not very sympathetic, as from an ingrained dislike to the English. "*Surtout pas trop de zèle*," said Tallyrand. In the House of Commons reasonable complaint or explanation is always listened to; but such professional talkers are speedily decreed to be "*bore*s of the first water," and their simple advocacy often damages a case. One of this pattern was Anstey. His constituents soon dismissed him. He then went out to Hong-Kong as Attorney-General, where he had a quarrel with the Governor, Sir John Bowring, and had to resign. The strangest thing was that he now started successfully on an entirely new career, going to India as a barrister, where he pleaded for natives with grievances, so as to gain quite a reputation. He came home once more, got involved in fresh controversies, and died in 1873, having had a rather tumultuous and unsatisfactory career.

One of the freshest, most buoyant characters of the circle was yet another enthusiast, GEORGE WARD—the "Ideal Ward" of the Tractarian times. This delightfully exuberant person suggests something of Welby Pugin—like him he was ever bringing

his faith with him into the most ordinary incidents of life. His son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, has given us his life—a most entertaining picture of what Johnson might call “ebulliency of spirits,” which carried him through all manner of difficulties, and into not a few. The task has been performed with a congenial touch, and in a fashion that has greatly “increased the gaiety” of the nation. This incompressible nature—as Johnson said of Foote—is, after all, a motive power of much value in life, as contrasted with that of phlegmatic folk, and always creates a dramatic interest in the bystanders.

Dr. Ward, as he was later, had a very stirring career. The excitement caused by his proscription at Oxford stirred the whole kingdom, and was one of the turning-points of the Tractarian crisis. Inflexible purpose and distrust of compromise where principle was involved were the happy notes of those times ; and it is gratifying to follow the stern and bold spirit displayed on both sides throughout all the struggle. It was singular, and bizarre too, to find a layman officiating as Professor of Theology, and lecturing ecclesiastical students. This was no doubt owing to a sort of good-humoured laxity that then obtained ; but there is such a gap between the layman and the ecclesiastic, the very tone of each is so different, that we feel by instinct that the proceeding was irregular and undesirable. It is

said, however, that he fulfilled his duties most efficiently. Later as editor of the *Dublin Review* he almost became Cardinal Manning's lieutenant-in-chief, smiting "hip and thigh" all who opposed the new policy. In all his statements and controversies a large margin must be allowed for exaggeration; for his natural intolerance was akin to that of Veuillot. He was indeed "more papal than the Pope" himself, and, it was complained, read into the various decrees and syllabuses infinitely more than the text warranted. He was "*Decreeing*" down all opponents, and used to say exultingly that he would like to have a fresh decree every morning with the rolls at breakfast! Like his chief, he looked on Dr. Newman as a danger to the Church, and his various onslaughts on that eminent man were unsparing, and without reticence. He was deeply read in theological history and doctrines, and was really a powerful writer. With all this dry-as-dust learning he was a most friendly, agreeable man, a delightful companion—boisterous and obstreperous as Walter Savage Landor. Strange to say, in his social relations he was almost *too* tolerant, associating and debating with Freethinkers, Agnostics, and every kind of Dissenter. For he had a passion for argument, in which he was uncommonly fair—a good illustration of which is found in his controversy with that most amiable of infidels, John Stuart Mill. So

fair was he that on one occasion we find him honestly confessing that he was unable to find a strong or sufficient answer to a particular line of reasoning. He was clearly distressed at this, but disdained to look for or use an answer which he could not honestly believe in. All Ward's opponents were his warm friends. He mixed in all societies, and enjoyed himself thoroughly in his life. He was ardently fond of the stage, and read every new French piece that came out. He was not without some amusing eccentricities, as when meeting at the theatre a relation from whom he had been long estranged by "imperfect sympathies," and with whom he had made the odd treaty that they were *not* to be on speaking terms, both so enjoyed the play that they got quite back to their old terms of intimacy. But next morning in the light of day Ward wrote to beg that the *status quo ante* should be restored, which was cheerfully agreed to.

This curious incident suggests what I have often noted in these hot controversialists, that in the din of the fray the practical portion of religion is often forgotten, or its place taken by such conflicts as are supposed to justify the combatant. There is too often a lack of charity. Enmities are fostered, there is a disregard of giving pain, a love of victory, a dangerous self-exaltation, and vanity. While obedient to this "cursed spite" of being born like

Hamlet, "to set the world aright," the reformation of self, the advance in practical piety is often overlooked. Among the French instances could be found of this. The witty and accomplished Barbey d'Aurevilliers was a fervent champion of the Church, but a regular *Boulevardier*, the associate of the clever but dissolute crew of journalists; while Cretineau Joly, the grand champion of the Jesuits, was known not to be very diligent in his religious duties.

The late Laureate's lines on his tumultuous friend, of whom he saw much in the Isle of Wight, is a fine tribute to this gifted man—

"Fairest of Ultramontanes, Ward!"

A pleasing passage in that most interesting memoir of the poet, written by his son, is his warm friendship with F. Haythornthwaite, Dr. Ward's friend and chaplain. With him he had many a walk, and many a genial discussion.

CHAPTER II

DISTINGUISHED LAYMEN (*continued*)

ANOTHER striking personality during this period of the 'forties, and one who commanded the respect of Protestant minds, was FREDERICK LUCAS, a fine and honest "stalwart." I recall his vigorous, well-set figure, his massive head deeply embedded between his shoulders, as he stood forward on one occasion at a people's meeting waiting till the deafening applause had ceased. His eye ranged round and about with a curious animation; his breath seemed to come and go as though he were struggling; there was a measured force and solidity about his utterances that gave to each the effect of a blow. Listening to him all felt that here was no florid, superficial speaker eager to gain the fickle crowd, but a man to be trusted, to have faith in, who was in full earnest and had faith in himself. He had something of the style and oratorical weight of his brother-in-law, John Bright (his

brother Samuel had married Bright's sister). A convert from Quakerism is a rare enough thing; but this was exhibited in 1839, when he embraced the Catholic faith, chiefly at the prompting of that eccentric being, Chisholm Anstey.* His later power and influence were owing to his founding the *Tablet*, the first number of which appeared on May 16, 1840. He was so uncompromising in his opinions, and used such unsparing language to those of his own faith who did not go wholly with him, that he raised up many enemies, who eventually became strong enough to overpower him. When he found the support of his co-religionists in England withdrawn from him, he determined to appeal to the masses, and transferred his *Tablet* to Dublin in 1849. Here he set up a patriotic policy, and found his paper thoroughly appreciated. In 1852 he became Member for Meath, and gradually made a deep impression on the House from the earnestness and perfect sincerity with which he put forward his views. But in a short time his extreme opinions as to clerical control involved him in a dispute with Archbishop Cullen; indeed it is strange how these vehement combatants—

* Odd to relate, the late Cardinal Cullen was sent to a Quakers' school, and publicly stated that he had a special regard for the "Friends."

who would bear down and sweep away all who oppose their Church—will themselves sometimes become indignant when that Church would restrain their activity. Exactly as was the case with Veuillot, Lucas could not submit, but appealed to Rome, where he only met with disappointments. He returned home broken in health and spirits, and virtually under a ban as being in conflict with his Archbishop. So shattered was he that it is said that the door-keeper of the House of Commons did not recognise him and refused to let him enter. Within two years he died (on October 22, 1855). He was certainly an interesting figure, and the respect and sympathy which his character excited from Protestants was of material help in forming a favourable estimate of his religion. As to himself and his plans, his life must be considered a failure.*

Nothing is more noble than the fashion in which he met his early death. Checked, harassed, disappointed, he wrote from his bed a remarkable letter—the letter of a man within measurable distance

* His journal, the *Tablet*, has seen many vicissitudes. Under him it was a strong Nationlist paper, reporting Irish questions at length. It passed into Mr. Wallis's hands. Since then it has always had a reputation for independence of thought. It is now excellently edited.

of death, and which is evidence of the nobility of his soul.

I have said that there was a certain similarity in Lucas's course to that of the great French journalist Veuillot. Both were combative, and instead of merely defending, as is usual, carried the attack into the enemies' camps. Veuillot was a masterly writer, had wit and powers of sarcasm in abundance; he dealt mercilessly with the free-thinkers and Voltairians, with whom, odd to say, he was on good terms. No one knew this class so thoroughly, their ways motives, and hypocrisies. *Les Odeurs de Paris*, in which he has embodied his studies and experiences, is as forcible as it is entertaining—its liveliness, touches of character, exposure of false sentiment and pretence, make it equal to any of the Boulevard productions. Lucas had none of these gifts, though he had a trenchant, vigorous style in his writings, but in oratory he had the advantage of his French colleague. Both, curious to say, fell under the displeasure of their Bishops, and both appealed to Rome. Lucas was not so fortunate as Veuillot, for their position was different.

We turn now to another of these fine characters, whose course—from its devotion to high principle and conscience—is a sort of liberal education. One of the most powerful intellects of his time, and also

a very interesting and noble figure, was HOPE-SCOTT—originally Hope—a man of great gifts, who brought from his profession, where he held the first place, extraordinary sense and sagacity with a searching spirit of inquiry, and a sense of the true value of evidence in the investigation of religious matters. I fancy there is hardly a finer figure in the ranks of his time, nor one of more marked courage and steady, sustained purpose. His sensitive conscience was prepared from the beginning to make every sacrifice for the truth. There were, at the time of the Tractarian excitement, three men of exceptional gifts and high religious aims, who seemed to be linked together in their course. They had been fast friends at college, and continued so through life; and their intimacy seemed mysteriously associated with the highest issues, on which much more depended than was seen. These were Hope-Scott, Gladstone, and Manning. All three had noble ideals, were stirred by a chivalrous sense of duty when called to take action on religious issues. Hope-Scott became the most successful advocate of his time; Manning a distinguished Prelate and Cardinal; while the third, Gladstone, was the renowned politician and later Prime Minister. So congenial were their opinions, so single their purpose, that all three seemed to walk together on the one path of that Tractarian

dalliance which, however, widened out before them and led on much farther. On all the critical questions the lawyer, the ecclesiastic, and the politician were agreed, and each brought his store of gifts and applied them to the particular crisis. There was something romantic in this co-operation. Such zeal and earnestness was to have its blessings and its fruits. All three were drawn nearer and yet nearer to the Catholic Church, until one day it came to the very parting of the ways, and choice had to be made as to which road should be taken. Manning and Hope-Scott courageously made their choice, and did not hesitate. The politician, alas ! turned back. "Shall I tell you," said Dr. Manning once, "when I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England ? It was in that little chapel off the Buckingham Palace Road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the communion service commenced I said to him : 'I can no longer take the communion in the Church of England.' I rose up, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, said, 'Come.' Mr. Gladstone remained : and I went my way. He still remains where I left him."* A momentous, picturesque scene. Manning's and Hope-Scott's were natures *d'élite* ; and, up to the time of departure, held a full trust in the Divine guidance of their Church. Mr. Gladstone's

* Purcell's Life, i. 617.

seemed to be almost always "opportunist," and at times even Erastian. In those crucial questions, Hampden and Gorham, he is to be found ever pleading for the reconciliation of State government with Church authority.

Hope-Scott was a noble character of a solid cast. He first took his own Church in hand, and did all he could to reconcile its nebulous system with some sort of Divine guidance; but by and by conscientiously satisfied himself that this was an impossible task. Many are inclined to think that the Gorham and Hampden questions were what wrecked the faith of so many of the converts, the shock sending them "over to Rome." But the real cause was the appointment of a Protestant Bishop ~~at~~ Jerusalem. The indifference shown here to the existing forms of faith and doctrine, and the subservience of creed to mere conditions of State and politics, were never more recklessly exhibited. To the honest Protestant thinker a Church that could accept such a state of things was lost. Hope-Scott's life, after his change, was, in the worldly view, prosperous enough. He was married twice, but lost both wives after a very brief period. The first was the daughter of Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and sister of the young Hugh Littlejohn for whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" were written. This and the possession of Abbotsford

has lent a further interest to his life. He had assumed the name of Scott in consequence, in addition to his own of Hope. He was possessed of wealth beyond his dreams of avarice, and had lands in Scotland, Ireland and France.

It is a difficult thing to nicely analyse character, to select what are the points that deserve praise ; and, even after such attempt has been carefully carried out, the impression intended may not be left. But when a masterly hand is applied to the work, when some mind well graced and well practised and well skilled in English and all the arts of expression, what lights are furnished ! Now are we admitted into the secret chambers, now we come to understand the heights and the depths, the nobility, the whole significance of the character.

On the death of Hope-Scott in 1873 Dr. Newman undertook to give a summary of his life and character, and a more striking tribute could not be conceived. Interpreting in their true sense and significance what might have almost seemed conventional to the ordinary looker-on, he has set before us in the most finished style the image of a truly religious and conscientious man. Indeed, it might be said that without this appreciation we could hardly have known what Hope-Scott really was. It is placed at the close of a long and somewhat detailed

biography, yet these few lines supply a far better and more accurate view of what the man was than the six hundred or so pages that have gone before. "It was difficult," he said, "to resist his very presence. I can fancy those, who saw him but once and at a distance, surprised and perplexed by that lofty fastidiousness and keen wit which were natural to him; but such a misapprehension would vanish forthwith when they drew close to him, when they had to consult him and had experience of the simplicity and seriousness of his manner, and he threw himself into their ideas and feelings and listened patiently. He was always prompt, clear, decided, and disinterested. He entered into their pursuits though dissimilar to his own: he took an interest in their objects, he adapted himself to their tastes. . . . Thus he drew men around him: and when some grave question was in agitation and there was, as is wont, a gathering . . . on his making his appearance among them, all present were seen to give him the foremost place, as if he had a claim to it by right: and he, on his part, was seen gracefully and without effort to accept what was conceded to him.

"I am told that in like manner, when residing on his property in France, he was there, too, made a centre for advice and direction on the part of his neighbours, who leant upon him and trusted him in

their own concerns as if he had been one of themselves. It was his unselfishness, as well as his practical good sense, which won upon them." A beautiful and original picture drawn by one master spirit of another. He then describes what use he made of these gifts. Brilliantly successful as he was, his "indifference to the prizes of life was as marked as his qualifications for carrying them off. He was prepared for coming into a Catholic church by an extraordinary and awesome sense of the presence of God and of His greatness. This was much more than a gift of nature: it was a fruit and token of the religious sensations which had been bestowed on him from above. . . . It was a lesson to all who witnessed it, in contrast with the appearance of the outward man—so keen and self-preserved amid the heat and dust of the world—to see his real inner side issue forth. . . . When a religious subject came up suddenly in conversation he had no longer the manner and voice of a man of the world. There was a simplicity, earnestness, gravity in his look and words which one could not forget. . . . No wonder, then, that a man thus minded should have been gradually led on into the Catholic Church. . . . The straightforward, clear, good sense which he showed in secular matters did not fail him in religious inquiry. There are those who are practical and sensible in all things, save in

religion ; but he was consistent, he instinctively turned from bypaths and cross-paths and took a broad, intelligible view of the issues." Of his unbounded liberality he says : "When wealth came to him he was free in his use of it. He was one of those rare men who do not necessarily give a little of his increase to their God : he was a fount of generosity ever flowing. It poured out on every side—in religious offerings, in presents, in donations, in works upon his estates, in care of his people, in alms deeds. As all his plans were upon a large scale, so were his private charities. I have heard of his giving or offering for great objects sums so surprising that I am afraid to name them." Then, to make the picture complete, he describes how trial and sufferings were showered on him. No man's heart was more bound up with his home life and home affections. Yet, "He who loved him with so infinite a love, visited him, not once or twice, but again and again with a stern rod of chastisement. *Stroke after stroke, blow after blow, stab after stab, was dealt against his very heart.* I was one of the confidants of his extreme suffering under the succession of terrible inflictions which left wounds never to be healed. They ended only with his life ; for the complaint which eventually mastered him was brought into activity by his final bereavement. Nay, even his call to go hence was itself the final

agony of that tender, loving heart. He who had in time past been left desolate by others was now to leave others desolate. He was to be torn away as if before his time from those who, to speak humanly, needed him so exceedingly. But almost his last words were, 'Thy will be done.' O happy soul, who had loved neither the world nor the things of the world apart from God! Happy soul, who, amid the world's toil, had chosen the one thing needful! Happy soul, who, being the counsellor and guide, the stay, the light, the joy, the benefactor of so many, yet that ever depended simply, as a little child, on the grace of the God and the merits and strength of his Redeemer . . . and so farewell, but not farewell for ever, dear James Robert Hope-Scott!"

In these lines, abridged as they are, we have a true estimate of the man, burning words full of true eloquence. The sermon on "The Second Spring" is justly admired, but this almost seems a finer thing: nay, it can compare with those great panegyrics of Bossuet and Massillon, often rhetorical enough. But it is far more than a mere encomium of the dead: it supplies us with a living character, the ideal of the Christian gentleman, which it is impossible to read without being bettered. Did we owe nothing else to the Oxford Movement, we must thank it for enriching the Catholic Church with so admirable a son.

With Hope-Scott was long intimately associated a friend of the same profession—a convert also, and a man of worth and purpose—SERJEANT BELLASIS. He was held in high esteem in his profession, and at one time had an immense practice in the line of Parliamentary practice—Railway Bills, water schemes, and the like, though he had not the enormous amount of “retainers” that fell to his fortunate friend. I knew him, and was struck by his general cheerfulness and unaffected manners.*

There was yet a third Catholic—also a convert-barrister—EDWARD BADELEY, Queen’s Counsel, who was of the same high stamp and feeling, which, perhaps, that noble profession, to which all three belonged, helps to foster. This lawyer had passed through the same fire as they had; had worked his way slowly through the mists of doubts and hesitations. In the Athenæum Club I like to look on what is a daily reminder of him, in the shape of a most expressive bust of Pope, which, as it is recorded on the pedestal, he had given to the Club. A *pendant* to this is another improving

* One of his sons told me of a curious thing. His brother Henry, should he live to 1980, when he will be sixty-one, will be able to say, “My grandfather was born two hundred years ago.” He was born one hundred years after his uncle.

character, though not of the same excellence, a terra-cotta bust of Dr. Johnson—the “brave old Samuel”—my own offering.

In his day CHARLES KENT had quite a reputation as a pleasing and graceful poet—of the school of Monckton Milnes. Some verses of his on Longfellow were printed in the *Times* in a prominent fashion—always a test of a writer’s position. But generations have short memories, or perhaps most writers can live only for a generation, and are supplanted by others. His has always been a religious life—in many ways he has helped the Church, to whose service he has dedicated some of his children. No one was more closely and confidentially associated with the leading literary men of his time. When almost a youth he became director and proprietor of the *Sun*, then a very influential evening paper, which he continued to edit for a long series of years. I can speak myself as to the affectionate regard entertained for him by “Boz,” who was fond of quoting the faithful Kent in “*King Lear*.” It was to Charles Kent that he addressed the last letter that he wrote, on the very day of his seizure, in which is a good-humoured Catholic allusion. “It was, I believe, a Reverend Father of your Church who made the remark, ‘these violent delights have violent endings.’” Of the

first Lord Lytton Charles Kent was also a most intimate friend.

CLARKSON STANFIELD, the eminent sea painter, seems to have been one of the most engaging because the most unaffected of his class. He endeared himself to Dickens, with whom he was always affectionately "Stanny," and who describes him as "the soul of frankness, generosity, simplicity, the most loving and lovable of men"—a high tribute indeed, which could also fairly describe the man who uttered it. Stanfield was one of those who allow a harsh or depreciative conception of themselves to pass, simply because they disdain rectification. I notice that this is always a proof of a noble nature. Small souls are ever troubling about what people think of them, and are eager to have an error set straight. To have won "Boz's" affectionate regard was a sort of patent of nobility. Stanfield's religion was of the old-fashioned pattern, practised under difficulties and with little to encourage. It was, however, deeply seated. The Catholic of the old days, though he may have left long intervals between the recurring duties, supplied for the delay by proportionate earnestness and zeal. Dickens, as he mentions in one of his prefaces, had many fast friends of this creed, among whom might be counted Charles Kent, the poet and *littéra-*

teur, and my humble self ; on us he showered kindnesses.* He had, however, the old-fashioned feeling as to the religion itself, clearly believing in the "stage Jesuit," or something like it, and in "contrived" impostures, "dirty monks," etc. In his "Pictures from Italy" there is much of this sort of thing, but, oddly enough, the book is the least read and least liked of his writings. It should be remembered, however, that it was written for a newspaper. The surprising thing, in an artistic view, is this narrowness of appreciation. He saw the whole as though he were behind the scenes of a theatre, in the daytime. That is a sympathetic passage in his *Life* where his dream is described, in which Mary Hogarth appeared to him to tell him that the Catholic religion was the one for him. His profound attachment to this interesting girl, whose loss affected him in the most poignant manner, may have led him to attach a deep significance to this vision.

The English Catholic artists indeed make a respectable show, considering their small opportunities. At one time JOHN HERBERT, R.A., enjoyed

* I recall his interest and eagerness, one Sunday morning at Gadshill, when I was to walk into Rochester, and his directions as to finding the chapel, of which he naturally knew but little.

a very high reputation as a serious painter of the Overbeck school. Born in 1810, he was converted, it is said, owing to the influence of Pugin—an event that diverted his brush from portraits and common dramatic scenes to religious subjects. He was admitted to the Academy in 1841. As is often the case with these men who were in “deadly earnest” about their faith, there was something odd or eccentric in him. Many will recall his affectation of speaking with a foreign accent on the score of his having spent some time abroad. He would even call himself “Herbair.” He was commissioned to paint a number of frescoes for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, one of which, “Moses,” attained much reputation at the time. It is a rather stiff and pretentious work, not strong in colour, design, or execution, and took him fourteen years to execute.

It is a rare thing to find an entire family of artists, and the remarkable group of the DOYLES could hardly be matched in any country. Henry Doyle, the father, was the political caricaturist, the long familiar “H. B.,” who carried on the line of the Gilrays, Rowlandsons, and Cruikshanks—who, after the fashion of the day, issued large, detached drawings, with only a descriptive line of print below, which were exposed in the shop windows. H. B.’s

work was extraordinary, not merely for its cleverness and finish, but for its profuseness. For years he continued to issue them, until the collection amounted to hundreds. His four sons were also artists of more or less excellence, while the least gifted, Charles, had a son, the present Dr. Conan Doyle, a writer of much popularity in various departments.

The most famous son was the well-known "Dickey" Doyle, whose work had an extraordinary charm from its grace as well as its humour, and its abundance of resource. He could be grotesque or refined at will. His illustrated journal, kept when he was a mere child, is a truly extraordinary performance; here he might be considered, in old Weller's phrase, "a prodigy son." Every one laughed over his social panoramas, "The Manners and Customs," "Mr. Pips, his Diary," etc. His ideals of fairyland were truly elegant, and his illustrations to Thackeray's writings are in a congenial spirit. His title-page to *Punch* has kept its place for nigh fifty years. In severing his connection with this humorous journal, of which he was the mainstay, he was destined to furnish to his age and to his country, but at heavy personal cost, a fine instance of self-sacrifice and devotion to principle. Dissatisfied with the tone of ridicule displayed towards his religion,

during the time of the "papal aggression," he resigned his well-paid post, to which he never returned.*

It is extraordinary how a contribution of this kind to public principle will endure and is never forgotten. His sketches will pass by, or be little thought of; but this story of his sacrifice to principle is constantly revived, always with a tribute of praise and admiration. Even in the recent withdrawal of Sir J. Tenniel it was retold. In fact, it will be the chief thing associated with the name of "Dickey Doyle."

There was to be a curious *amende* for this unfortunate incident when, many years later, on the death of Tom Taylor, the editor of *Punch*, the proprietors had to select as his successor that lively and ingenious humorist, Mr. F. C. Burnand—a Catholic and, moreover, a convert. There was for a time some indisposition to make this choice; but here was the "best man" beyond dispute, and this compelling reason prevailed. At the present moment, the sub-editor, Mr. Arthur à Beckett, is also a Catholic; and so is Mr. Partridge—*alias* Gould,—the "second cartoonist," and the legitimate successor of the inimitable "Cham." †

* It has been said that the editor, Mark Lemon, tried to induce him to remain, engaging that what he objected to should be modified or removed; but the artist remained inflexible.

† Well might my old friend Saville Clarke—himself a contributor—exclaim humorously, "I declare we ought to start a Protestant *Punch*!"

Clement Scott, too, who has been styled the *doyen* of dramatic critics, has often contributed his sympathetic verse. Here, then, is much to soothe the spirit of the departed "Dickey." Doyle was fond of social pleasure and club life, and by a sad fate the catastrophe of his death took place by sudden stroke in the hall of the Athenæum Club.

His brother James offered a curious combination of talent. He too was an artist of the most careful workmanship; but he had a deep knowledge of heraldry and antiquities, and some great books attest his laborious, painstaking industry. Henry Doyle, another brother, had a taste for graceful portraits in crayons. He also decorated churches, but he will be chiefly recollected for his knowledge of pictures, and for his direction of the Dublin National Gallery. Had he lived he had a very fair chance of succeeding Sir F. Burton at the London Gallery. Few men could boast so large and distinguished an acquaintance with persons of note in all departments, as well as with people of rank and fashion. Charles Doyle, another brother, was not so distinguished, and was chiefly known as an illustrator of books.

A very interesting figure, whose name is being constantly mentioned in periodical literature, is the Rev. ROBERT HAWKER—commonly alluded to as

“the Rector of Morwenstow,” in Cornwall. There is many a story told of his blunt ways and strange dialect. He was, in fact, a character, a man of ability and force. When only twenty he married a wife of forty-one; and when she died, at the age of eighty-one, he promptly selected a younger bride—a Polish governess. He was not careful in money matters and suffered much from pecuniary difficulties. But he never spared himself or his resources where the interests of his parish were concerned. His verses are justly admired, and few things have been more quoted than—

“And shall Trelawney die?
There’s twenty thousand Cornish men
Shall know the reason why.”

—lines which he affected to quote from some ancient ballad, but which are now known to be his own.

But when in 1875 he came to die, a fresh interest arose in him and a strange controversy. For, about twelve hours before his death, he sent for a priest and was formally received into the Church. This conversion, delayed almost to the last moment, gave rise to much controversy and discussion. It was certainly awkwardly timed; for it was reasonably urged that his convictions must have been arrived at long before, and that he must have been acting a part in continuing to be a clergyman. It was

certain, too, that had he resigned his living he must have starved. I mention this merely as a *curio*.

Among the really learned ecclesiastical writers of the generation must be counted T. W. ALLIES, whose work is yet scarcely sufficiently recognised even by his co-religionists. Born in 1813, he became fellow of Oxford, and was later chaplain to Bishop Bloomfield. He joined the Catholic Church in 1850, resigning his preferments. The mere titles of his works show how large and how broad was the range of his learning. He wrote "The See of St. Peter and the claims of the Primacy." He gave an account of his own course and struggles in a work significantly called "*Per Crucem ad Lucem*—the Result of a Life," issued in 1850. But his *magnum opus* was a great and comprehensive treatise on the formation of Christendom, which occupied him for many years of laborious investigation. As may be conceived, the field of inquiry must have been enormous.*

Many will recall in Dublin the quiet, soft-voiced Professor who lived a life of retirement from 1855

* The most stupendous work of this class in modern days would seem to be the Berlin Professor Harnack's gigantic "History of Doctrine," the references alone betokening an amount of reading and research that seems incredible in the case of a single man. It is all in the interests of the "Higher" or destructive criticism.

till his death in 1877. This was JAMES ROBERTSON, whom Dr. Newman had named a teacher at his abortive Catholic University, or rather High School. He was not thought to be of much mark, and yet, in his unpretending way, he had exercised a vast deal of influence. He had been schooled under De Lammenais and the Abbé Gerbet, who makes such an important figure in the "*Récit d'une Sœur*." He had studied literature almost as a profession, and was the first to bring before the English public F. Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," in a scholarly translation, which still "holds the field," and has passed through many editions. This was issued in 1835, a time for some epoch-making works, which sank deeper into the public mind than they would do now. Möhler's "Symbolik" was also rendered into English by him in 1843. The very title of this work—"An Exposition of Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as Evidenced by their Symbolical Writings"—shows of what interest it must have been for those engaged in the serious struggle of the time. As was to be expected, many editions were called for, and it made "a profound impression" on the Tractarian party at Oxford. This was not much literary baggage, but, all the same, Robertson was a link between the German movement of the 'thirties, the Lammenais agitation, and Dr. Newman. Schlegel was a name to

conjure with, as any one will see who reads Crabb-Robinson's account of German provincial coteries at the time. In Dublin these claims were found of small interest, and Robertson was looked on as an amiable, commonplace personage.

An interesting man died last year—one of the few survivors of the old literary school. This was THOMAS ARNOLD, second son of the famous Headmaster of Rugby. A cultured man of high literary tastes, as might be expected in the case of the brother of Mathew Arnold, he was associated with Wordsworth and other poets. Like his brother, he became an inspector of schools, but on embracing the Catholic faith had to resign his office. It is stated that after an interval he became dissatisfied with his new religion and reverted, but on further consideration he returned, and thenceforth was to live and die a Catholic. This was, no doubt, a case of hasty or imperfect preparation, and under such conditions the person can hardly be considered to have given up his old opinions at all. He found a haven in the "Catholic University" at Dublin, and later in the new Royal University. His daughter is the well-known novelist, Mrs. Humphry Ward, one of the writers by whom spiritual conflicts and problems are used for purposes of fiction and, indeed, made very interesting.

There has lately appeared a long-expected Life of COVENTRY PATMORE, one of those men who have known most of the interesting men of the day. He was a dreamy being, a poet of a superior order, and had something of Leigh Hunt's *poco curante* temperament. Every one knows his "Angel in the House," always understood to be a portrait of the first of his three wives. He was a convert, and always wrote in a religious and Catholic spirit. In his earliest enthusiasm he expended a large sum on building a church at St. Leonard's, and, with a sort of unexpected oddity, called in a Protestant architect—a friend of his own—the accomplished Mr. Basil Champneys, to design the work. When it was completed the donor fancied that he was to have a sort of control—he also complained that other engagements had been broken—in which he was speedily undeceived, with the result of an estrangement between him and the clergy of the place. This was an unfortunate result to so disinterested and useful a plan. His poems are somewhat passionate in dealing with love. We have other Catholic poets who write in this passionate strain, using much warm and original imagery; but such themes are perishable and transitory, and have no real basis: on the same principle, stories in which amatory agonies and distresses are set forth with an earnest sympathy by clergymen and Catholics are scarcely

compatible with devotion to Catholic teachings and principles. Coventry Patmore was also a graceful writer of prose, and his lighter essays are remarkable for this grace and much original feeling. He had an extraordinary sympathy for another pleasing writer of our time—Alice Meynell—to whose choice and delicate utterances he was never wearied in directing public attention, by both praises and criticism.

A most cultured and “graceful” poet would perhaps be the best description of AUBREY DE VERE. Every one seemed well affected towards him and in perfect sympathy. Some years ago he furnished his reminiscences of a long career; it was surprising to find with what a number of important personages he had been on terms of intimacy.

The earlier Catholics of the 'forties, as I have shown, shrank from the public service—perhaps from a timidity and because they felt they were distrusted; but it must be said that wherever they did come forward they were distinguished for ability. From Stonyhurst there came three who made a reputation in the Colonies—CHARLES CLIFFORD—later Sir Charles—who became a Speaker of one of the Houses of Parliament; CHARLES WELD, well distinguished as Minister of State and Governor in

the Australian Colonies; and SIR THOMAS SIDGREAVES, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlement. I knew them all three. Officers, too, might be named who have done well in the service, such as the late GENERAL DORMER and GENERAL CLIFFORD.

JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN was a graceful artist—architect as well as painter—and long known at South Kensington Museum for his very refined and useful work. When Dr. Newman was at Dublin he determined to add to the handsome old mansion which was used for the “Catholic University” a suitable church. The result was a sort of miniature basilica, designed by Mr. Pollen. It is really a most pleasing and picturesque thing, quite original in treatment, with an apse of incrustated mosaic work and very striking gallery, supported on Moorish arches. It is now a very popular church in Dublin. Few, however, of its congregations are likely to recall the founder, who lived for a time among them, but was never of them.

CHAPTER III

NOTABLE ECCLESIASTICS

FEW will recall now the "Father Ignatius"—not the modern self-styled monk of Llanthony Abbey—but the HON. and REV. GEORGE SPENCER, who offers an extraordinary instance of the courage of true propagandism. He made his way with dauntless intrepidity* and perfect indifference to rebuff or insult, into the houses of every one, calling on noblemen, ministers of the Crown, shopkeepers, and the rest. His odd appearance—the pink "chubby" face and dress—may have repelled at first ; but he had the

* In those days a strange monastic garb in the public streets would be followed by crowds. Now the public eye is familiar with the most eccentric costume. At Ascot, some years ago, when a new church was being built, and the Friars, in their brown habit, sandalled feet, and shaven heads, began to walk about its fair glades, there was much amazement and some indignation, but now every one knows the Friars and accepts them as citizens. "We shall soon not be able to take a drive in the country," said a lady angrily to a relation of my own ; "these convents and monasteries are everywhere."

art of gaining on those whom he accosted. The object of his mission was to secure prayers for the conversion of his native country, which he asked for in season and out of season, travelling all over the length and breadth of the land and turning up at the most unexpected places. This seemed, even to good Catholics, a pious hobby. By others he was set down as an indiscreet, too troublesome personage who might be doing mischief. While a clergyman he had many scruples as to the claims of his Church to be the true "teacher," but none that moved him towards the Church against which he had a deep prejudice. Like Faber "he could not see his way" for a long time, until he became acquainted with the ardent Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. To be in contact with that enthusiastic man was sufficient, and before long he had settled with a missionary father to join the Church. His ideal of the apostolic life was a very high one, and from the first he always maintained contact with the world—going about and trying to gain men and women by his ardent words and persuasion. All his money he gave over to his Bishop, on the terms that it was to be "served out" to him for his little wants, and he bound himself to furnish a weekly account of every penny he laid out, as though it were another's. It is pathetic almost to read his little bills of sixpences and shillings and pence. It was in 1838 that he

took up his grand project of an Association of Prayer for the conversion of England. It seemed at the time Utopian, quite a hopeless thing. But from that moment he followed it out with never flagging perseverance and self-sacrifice, calling on everybody and troubling everybody.

In 1846 he became a Passionist almost by a sort of accident. He had gone to Hodder, then the Jesuit novitiate, but the outcome of his retreat there was his joining the Passionists. From that time his figure in his habit became most familiar, and he continued his quest of prayers, with the addition of assiduous begging for his order. Years before on his rounds he had been admitted to see the Duchess of Kent and the young Princess Victoria, who received him courteously, and listened while he spoke of his Church and its claims. His interviews with Lords John Russell, Clarendon, and Palmerston are highly characteristic and amusing, each statesman receiving him after his special temperament. Thus Lord Palmerston, when it was explained to him that the object of the prayers he was requested to repeat was "the conversion of England," frankly assured him "that he did not think it at all desirable for the interests of England that she should return to the old faith." He had contrived, however, a formula by which he fancied he had met all difficulties; it was to put up prayers for union simply,

which was thought to be a little equivocal, as each would interpret it according to their religion.* When the religious Orders were forbidden to wear their habits in the public streets, this very original man used to appear carrying his habit *on* his shoulders. The extraordinary note of him was his ubiquity and perpetual movement. He was everywhere and in every house. At last every one got accustomed to him and his ways. Nothing daunted him, and for years he went over and over again his old formula, "Pray for the conversion of England." I myself recall his visits, his curious face and irresistible importunities. At last his untiring wanderings came to an end, and he was found one day at Carstairs, near Mr. ~~Menteath~~ *Mr. McIntosh*'s house, lying on the grass, dead. He had been tramping along as usual when he was called home; and a friend and schoolfellow of my own, Edmund Waterton, was one of those that discovered his body.

* One story that is related of him supplies a pleasant and interesting trait, besides giving a good idea of his simple piety. A student of the Order had accidentally shot a neighbour in the eye, who died of the wound. The student was in sore trouble as to his trial, which was coming on. But nothing could exceed the elation of Father Ignatius, who came to comfort and support him. "They may transport me!" said the student. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" said the other. "Think of the apostolic work among the convicts." "Or they might hang me!" "Glorious! Glorious!—you can offer up your life in satisfaction," etc. This verges on high comedy.

Now who shall say that this holy enthusiasm, with his ceaseless invitations to prayers and never-ending calls, was not in a great measure the cause of these latter-day changes? Prayers, we are told again and again, are certain to be heard sooner or later. As I have said, he was smiled at and pitied—thought rather “a nuisance.” Yet here now we see this wonderful awakening going on about us—and do we think of this early and devoted apostle?

There is a passage in the “Apologia” where Newman, having at last made up his mind to change his faith, describes how he had settled to call on “FATHER DOMINIC” to receive him into the Church. This obscure name thus introduced has often excited some surprise, for not many readers know who and what Father Dominic was, and why Newman should have chosen *him*.

This remarkable man was one Dominic Barberi, born in Italy in 1792 (“of poor *but* pious parents,” thus actually wrote a writer in the *Dublin Review*). He was a peasant’s son, and sent to be a lay brother, but his extraordinary talents and piety speedily recommended him for the priesthood. He always had before him a sort of dream or vision of going to England and labouring there. There was in him an extraordinary energy, often found in holy and zealous persons, which helps them to per-

form what seems impossible to ordinary folk. There was something pathetic, and original even, in this idea of a poor obscure Italian lay brother thus longing so ardently for work in a far-off country. For years he panted and longed, but in vain. His exceptional intelligence and knowledge shown when he was a lay brother led to his being chosen to study theology, an unusual thing. This only stimulated his longings, as he wrote to Mr. Phillipps: "I would like frequently to hear about the progress our holy religion makes in that island, which is never absent from my poor heart. Ah! who will give me the wings of a dove to fly thither? I hope, I hope—O happy day! O happy moment! I rejoice in the hope of being one day able to reach it. O dear England, beloved nation! And when shall I behold thee restored to the bosom of our Holy Mother?" He clearly looked on the country as some far-off mission land, through which he was to go preaching, drawing crowds after him and spreading the light of the gospel.

Not until 1840 was his wish gratified. The very next morning after the news came he set off "to convert England." At the moment he was completely broken down, worn out with pains, labour, and illness, more fit, it was said, to be sent to a hospital for incurables than to a foreign mission. He was so feeble that he had to be lifted on to the

back of a mule. This remarkable man had fitted himself for his task by the most laborious studies. He had learned languages, taught theology for many years, and had written nearly a score of important books.

He went to Oscott, whence he wrote to Ambrose Philipps de Lisle in 1840 : " I am here in England again—come to stay ; and I hope to work all the days of my life for the glory of God and the salvation of the dear souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ "—a solemn proclamation faithfully carried out. It is as extraordinary that this poor, obscure monk should in a strange country *force* the language as it were into his knowledge, train himself to think, speak, and preach even in the new tongue, heedless of grotesque failures. He had the one purpose before him, and the one interest—" the charity of God pressing him "—that made him work for the souls of all about him. Yet here was only a fantastic-looking Italian monk. The Oscott students laughed at his oddities ; the staid Catholics regarded him with doubt and suspicion. He it was who with infinite courage braved public ridicule and hostility by wearing a monastic dress in the public streets ; others of his brethren, like Father Spencer, going with bare feet and sandals, brown habit, and a Sacred Heart portrayed in white on their chests. After years of toil, travelling, and labours of all

kinds his death came suddenly. He was seized with illness at a lonely railway station, and was laid down on the platform to die.

In the old days the apparition of these foreign monks in the streets, and their repeated "missions" at churches all over the country, was a common incident. It was wonderful how their zeal and determination gave them the power of expressing themselves in a strange tongue, and their efforts, though often grotesque enough, were generally intelligible. These missions were then in favour as a method of stirring the masses, long grown hardened and perhaps as long neglected. Their appeals were impassioned, and often highly theatrical. The small platform covered with black, with its immense crucifix, added to the impression. These methods have now been disused, and are not in favour—possibly as being intended for impulsive Italian natures. It is likely, too, that reformation produced by such exciting methods is not very lasting.

We find, even among the men of the second rank, characters of action and ability. Such was Father LOCKHART, who died in 1892, as rector of that gem of a chapel, St. Ethelreda, in Ely Place. He was a link with the old Tractarian Movement, and is notable as being the very first of its supporters to

cross the border. He had been an attached follower of Newman's, to whom his secession in 1843 had been a great shock. He was attracted by Rosmini and his theories and joined the "Order of Charity" founded by him, which has a college and a parochial church in England. He translated much of Rosmini's works and wrote the last portion of his life. But all Londoners of taste are under deep obligation to him for the beautiful shrine which he rescued from decay or destruction. There was certainly a tinge of romance in the happy chapter of circumstances, or blessing, that brought back to the religion that antique gem the Chapel of St. Ethelreda, in Holborn. It would require some knowledge of the history of the district to appreciate the full charm of the story.* This is the sole remaining fragment of the Palace of the Bishops of Ely, which stretched with its fair gardens to where the City Temple now stands. There were cloisters, a banqueting-hall, a palace, and this elegant chapel. All, save the chapel, was sold at the end of the last century, and a modern house built for the Bishops in Albemarle

* I may add that this has been told by myself in the *Illustrated London News*—an account set off by some of Mr. Herbert Railton's charming illustrations. The Fathers of Charity House have framed and hung up this pictorial record in the vestibule for the benefit of the curious visitor.

Street. The speculative builder erected the shabby Ely Place on the ground, and it is marvellous how the church escaped. It passed from the Established Church to the Dissenters, who disfigured it sadly, plastering over the fine roof, "cutting through" windows, etc. But at last came a fortunate day, in 1874, when it was put up for sale and purchased for £8,000 by the Fathers, who proceeded to restore and beautify it with the aid of Messrs. Young and Whelan. Fortunate surprises awaited them—under the plaster of the ceiling the old ribbed roof was found intact and almost as sound as on the first day. One of the delicately outlined side windows was complete, and it furnished a pattern for reviving the others. The two grand windows, one of which was described by Rickman as being "of curious composition," are truly impressive now that they have been filled with richly-painted glass. There is the crypt-church below, and altogether it is a most delightful and interesting relic. The arrangement of the interior is judicious, and the restoration admirable. It was re-opened in 1879.*

* It may be added that about this year there arose another interesting question of dispute between the Rector of Arundel and the present Duke of Norfolk about another antique chapel, which had to be brought into the Law Courts for decision. The Duke desired to thoroughly restore the Fitzalan Chapel or Chantry, which gave occasion to the Rector to make a formal claim to the building. On the one side it was contended that

The eye, as it seems to me, always rests with interest on FREDERICK OAKELEY, who died in 1880. One thinks of him in his pleasant retirement by the New River at Islington, "pretty old now," as Elia said, after the storm and stress of the Tractarian Controversy. He was associated in many ways with its chief actors, and was fellow of Balliol with his friend Ward. In 1839 he was ministering at a Church in Margaret Street, precursor of the present All Saints', and here it was he became the originator of the first or earliest "ritualistic" services. It was here too that he cemented friendships with men of the same views and aspirations, such as Mr. Gladstone, Bellasis, and Beresford Hope. Mr. Gladstone used to praise his services as being the "most devotional he had ever known." His contribution to the literature of the struggle is large, and his published writings amount to some forty volumes. One of his closest friends was Dr. Tait, who afterwards, when he was Archbishop, kept up the intimacy, which was one of mutual affection and regard. It was the same with Mr. Gladstone. He was often found dining or breakfasting with

the Chantry was part of the parish church, and that the ownership would change with the religion of the Dukes. On the other, the Duke could show that from time immemorial the family had always held the keys of the place, and had buried their dead there. The case was decided in the Duke's favour.

these old friends. One could fancy him looking back with a sort of tenderness to the days when so much was at stake for this world and the next. These friends brought back the old drama long since played out. Newman had much the same feeling in his latter, or very latest days, when on his visits to London he preferred to put up with his old friend Dean Church at his Deanery, under the very shadow of St. Paul's.

Another of these great apostles was FATHER FABER, of the Oratory, who, again, was of quite a different type. He gained an extraordinary influence over his contemporaries from a passionate and earnest zeal for the winning of souls that was all but irresistible. He worked not only by exertion and personal influence, but by his writings, which were of quite a novel cast. A picturesque being—a poet, the friend and admirer of Wordsworth, who said he was a more diligent and accurate observer of nature than himself; a vivid writer of prose; deeply skilled in the direction of souls; an impassioned and eloquent preacher; an admirable governor, directing the London Oratory during its earlier course; the idol of his friends; a good linguist and Italian scholar; such were the attractive qualities of this accomplished man. But above all these gifts he was penetrated with spirituality. This

piety was interior, as well as active and fruitful; there seemed to be in him a revival of the old contemplative spirit.

Faber really stands for the ideal of Catholic sanctity during the past fifty years. On few figures during that period does the eye rest with such a satisfaction in finding it answer the highest standard, and the "interior life."

The influence and example of such a person—even the knowledge of his existence—works with a strange power on contemporaries. To read his life is an education, and a surprise, perhaps, as we think of the somewhat easy-going standard that is now in vogue. His writings enjoyed an amazing popularity, not merely in his own country, but all over the world. His burning words swept people off their feet, as it were, and forced them into the Church. Even in his old parson days his flock became entirely his, and he kindled a spirit of devotion about him. He formed a sort of community, taught them confession, had midnight meetings and watchings, observed Lent, and used the discipline. There is scarcely any more dramatic scene in the ecclesiastical history of the time than that of his announcement to his congregation of his resolve to leave the Established Church. It was made from the pulpit; then he took off his surplice and went home. Some of his parishioners and the churchwardens followed him,

implored him to change his purpose; he might teach whatever he pleased if he would but remain with them. When he left, early in the morning, every window was opened, and the poor people waved their handkerchiefs, crying out, "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go!"* The sketch of his early struggles, when he and his followers were striving to establish a sort of Order, designated "The Brothers of the Will of God," is piteous enough. They lived together in Birmingham, in an almost unfurnished house, half-starved, half-clothed, and almost wholly dependent on alms.† Nothing, however, could damp the energy and enthusiasm of this wonderful man. The community moved on to Cotton Hall, given them by Lord Shrewsbury, where their efforts had extraordinary results, evangelising the whole country round about. It is said, incredible as it may seem, they worked until they had left but a single Protestant family in the district! As is known, however, the Brotherhood was in 1848 absorbed into the Oratory. The Oratory at first had much opposition to encounter;

* Bowden's Life, 202.

† "I went up to Mr. Moore's room," says Mr. F. Hutchinson; "there I saw a person on his knees before a fire trying to make it burn up. His hair was grey; he was dressed in a long black coat and tweed trousers, and he looked so hungry and worn I thought that this was some poor fellow whom they keep here out of charity. To my astonishment, it was Mr. Faber."

it did not have the general acceptance it enjoys now. The church in King William Street, Strand, the first church in the diocese served by a religious community, was strongly opposed by the secular clergy. It was urged as an objection that all were converts, and untried men. Formal complaint was made to the Bishop of the new prayers and hymns, which were sung in English, and suggested the ways of the Methodists.*

His shrewd sense and large charity are shown in the following passage: "I believe many will be saved who never gain admittance to the Catholic Church. Such souls do the best they can in their circumstances; they avoid wrong, do good up to the measure of light they have received, some as pagans, some as sincere heretics. It may be that they spend better lives than they would have done in the light of Revelation. I am much disposed to adopt the opinion that persons who appear outwardly indifferent often in their heart of hearts

* * The first Oratory afterwards became Toole's Theatre, which suggests a pleasant story of the ever-natural and impulsive Ward. He was describing to one of the Oratorians how he had been to a little theatre in King William Street, Strand, to see an excellent piece, and he added: "Between the acts two thoughts came into my head; the first, last time I was in this building I heard Father Faber preach. The second was, *how much more I am enjoying myself to-night than I did the last time I was here.*"

become conscious of the insufficiency of what they have, and feel a craving for something higher. Pilate I do not take to be a sample of the best of men who do not believe. Yet even Pilate asked our Lord 'What is truth?' This unfortunate fellow was too giddy to wait for the answer. When you arrive at the conclusion that it is a great mistake to *mind* things, you find a pearl of great price." *

The wonderful popularity of his devotional works—"All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "The Precious Blood," and others—was in part owing to the somewhat novel—or at least unfamiliar—method of dwelling upon the tenderness and mercy of the Creator, and the fostering of love, rather than on the motives of awe and fear. This strain appears to have been drawn from the Italian devotional school. There was some mild objection taken to it as though such teachings encouraged an easy-going life. This was gently hinted at by Bishop Ullathorne, who said that the books would remove "all remaining impressions as to whether the doctrine of 'holy familiarity with God and Divine things,' which seems in your first Catholic writings almost to exclude that of fear and reverence, be duly tempered or not." The author himself declared: "They say I send people to heaven *lolling on a sofa*." There

* Father Bowden's *Life of Father Faber*, p. 313. Cardinal Manning held almost exactly the same large view.

were sounds, he said, "all round as of a growing storm." "The book may be all wrong—most likely is, *coming from a beast like me*—but I wrote it to help souls and to get our Lord some love." "If a man can do the austerities, *tanto meglio*, he will have his heart full of God then. But if he can't whip, burn, scarify, and starve himself, why should he give up what he can do in the way of love?"* This is a fair plea; yet it must be allowed that the favour which his teaching enjoyed in his day has a little diminished; and when it is set beside the "Imitation" and "Spiritual Combat" the contrast is striking. English piety has perhaps robuster methods. Faber drew from the Italian fountains.

His life was not without its troubles and annoyances. Witness the disturbance raised by the issue of the well-known series of "The Lives of the English Saints." The more robust spirits of the community protested against the stories of miracles and prodigies there recorded with superabundant faith, and it was urged that this lack of discrimination did mischief and would repel inquirers from the Church. Here once more his Italian methods and sympathies conflicted with practical British sentiment. Reluctantly he bowed before the gale and stopped the series.

As his life was that of a saint, so was his death,

* Life, p. 341.

which was truly edifying and even engaging. All through his course there was an entire absence of professional assumption which his position might have imparted : he always seemed to be at the service of every one. To Protestants he was ever unaffected and friendly and tolerant. His ways were somewhat after those of St. Francis de Sales—winning and attractive, suiting themselves to those of other people. He died in July, 1863.

CHAPTER IV

NOTABLE ECCLESIASTICS (*continued*)

AMONG other remarkable men of the time—though of no reputation with the general public—we must count the late Dr. PORTER, Archbishop of Bombay. He had not the showy qualities that attract the crowd, but every one who came in contact with him was impressed by his strong, well-marked character. In him there was a complete absence of affectation ; he was “straight” and straightforward *in omnibus*. I knew him well, having been in almost daily contact with him for years at a time in the microcosm of a school. There, if he could note the gradual growth and development of the boys, they had no less opportunity for marking his expansion ; for he began as an inferior master and rose to higher offices, such as Prefect of Studies, in the course of years. He had a rather quaint face, and of well-marked lines, a humour that was shrewd

and pleasantly sarcastic, was occasionally waggish, always cheerful and *bon camarade*.

At Stonyhurst I well recall him, a cheerful, interesting man, full of energy, who really increased the gaiety of the company. He was foremost in games and gymnastic exercises, yet was deeply read, and stored with a sound sagacity. He was by and by found to be well fitted for the rough work of missions, and was profitably employed in some delicate negotiations on behalf of his Society. When contending for their privileges before the Synod, his trenchant upstanding spirit did not commend itself to the Archbishop. In the great question as to the control of the Orders by the Bishops, which was settled at Rome, Father Porter conducted the case of the Regulars, and the details set out in his Life show in what a calm, orderly fashion such conflicts of opinion are settled in the Church, and how once a decision is given the losing party loyally submits.

Till his "Letters" appeared not many of Dr. Porter's friends knew what a profound and accomplished director of souls he was—how judicious—how moderate. Indeed, his practical and masculine style of counsel is truly refreshing. It seems to clear the air. He would throw himself with his whole heart into the matter. Thus to one appointed to an office he wrote: "You must practise

patience in your new post, *wish people at Jericho*, and speak as mildly as possible. Keep a good store of kind words—gentleness for the good, excuses for the thoughtless, encouragement for the bad, cheerfulness for all. Only that your house is full of blind people, I should counsel you to have all over the house in large characters, ‘*Kind words break no bones.*’ These homely proverbs often teach sound wisdom. What would I not give to recall all the nasty, snappish, bitter speeches I have perpetrated in my time! Take warning from me in time.” Again, many folks with means and eager to find suitable objects for charitable work, might profitably take account of Dr. Porter’s suggestion: “Pay for a poor, respectable boy at College. . . . I consider the education of one novice a better work than the education of sixty poor children.” This was a favourite counsel of his, and a sound one, for the act multiplies in its fruits like the nails in a horse-shoe problem. The education of one novice, he would add, may prove the salvation of a thousand poor children. My old friend and master, Father Gallwey, also is ever unwearied in pressing the same wholesome advice. Speaking to a person who was morose and jealous, he was inclined to set such humours to the account of ill health. “Better far to eat meat on Good Friday than to live in war with every one about us.” This pithy saying was

quite in his way. I almost hear him adding, "I believe a little beef tea judiciously taken would make a great difference." And on another occasion: "What a talent you have for going forward to meet miseries and woes! Pray for the courage to say you can't, when you feel too weak to do what is expected." He was, in short, a man of strong common-sense. His career was short but striking. He gained "golden opinions" from all. He had a broad, liberal mind, and in his diocese talked much with the Bonzes and Buddhists. He noted that they burnt incense as the Blessed Sacrament passed by. "I don't like this," he said. He gave praise to the Cowley Fathers and their work, and went to see them. With the governors and the authorities in general he was *persona grata*. He had, however, much trouble with the corrupt Portuguese ecclesiastics. He had known that in going to India, as a matter of duty, he would almost certainly fall a victim to the climate. In fact, he died after a very short illness, in September, 1889, after a rule of less than three years.

At this moment there are but few left who figured in the old Puseyite controversy. Dr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus, has known many who were associated with his old University days. A few years ago there was still alive a modest, unobtrusive

priest, in his last days almost blind,* who lived retired. This was CANON McMULLEN, who lived in the thick of the agitation, and whose name often turns up in the chronicles of those days. "What does McMullen think?" was a question often asked. He once told me of a truly sagacious speech made to him by the late Mr. Forster when he had introduced his School Board measure, "You Catholics," he said, "spoil the whole *symmetry* of the scheme"—a true compliment.

One conspicuous figure—known not merely to those of his own faith, but to the devout of other religions—is the ever-toiling, ever-zealous, never-flagging FATHER GALLWEY, S.J. For nearly forty years he has been at his post, in spite of age and feeble health. It is wonderful how the sense of duty and responsibility—carried almost to enthusiasm—will make such a spirit almost disdainful of the pressure of years and infirmities. Such reminders will be neglected, or put aside, and, however importunate, are all but unfelt. At all events his work is the same now as when he was full of manhood and strength. Father Gallwey is in many ways a remarkable man, an apostolic man, a theo-

* He was given the privilege of always saying the one Mass, which he had by heart, and thus became independent of the Missal.

logian, with a surprising influence in the direction of souls. As a preacher, however, he has an extraordinary power, not merely from his command of language, but from the solid, valuable instruction that he furnishes. His knowledge of the scriptures is unusual, and is exhibited in a fashion that is always striking. The old black testament, ever in his hand when he is in the pulpit, is familiar enough to his congregation. I never heard a sermon of his that was not satisfying or improving. There are many Protestants who to my knowledge would not miss one of them. He has many other gifts, unseen and perhaps unsuspected *—a graceful gift of poesy, and a pleasant, reserved humour. He has given to the subject of the Passion years of laborious study ; and having visited the Holy Land, and examined everything on the spot, has reached to a sort of vivid realisation of the whole event, as though he himself had been a spectator. He has given public lectures on this topic with illustrations, and it is extraordinary with what completeness he marshalled the succession of incidents. Long may the pulpit at Farm Street echo his familiar voice !

* I had the good fortune to be under his mastership at school, and can say unfeignedly that I owe everything to him. He particularly formed the taste of his scholars, and set before them high ideals.

In this connection I am afraid it must be confessed that preaching has decayed. There are some who can preach fluently and even eloquently, but too often matter is lacking—plenty of religious or devotional sentiment couched in honied words, but at the close we feel we have learned little beyond being comforted with “that blessed word Mesopotamia.” In fact, what we have now is mostly talking from the pulpit, hardly preaching. What strikes us most is the evident lack of preparation ; it may be that priests are overworked and cannot find the time to prepare, or they fancy that the impromptu sermon is just as acceptable to their congregation. However this may be, the number of good preachers can be counted on the fingers. During the past fifty years Cardinal Manning was certainly the most effective as he was the most *finished*.

FATHER CLARKE, the Jesuit, who died in September, 1900, was striking and interesting, one of those men of earnest work and ability who are content to “take back seats,” provided that the work to do is done. We recall his long, rather ungainly figure, and swarthy face. He was ever in movement, ever labouring ; he did not care much for feelings, supposing that most people were not unduly fitted with them. He was a very clever, well-read

man, fond of controversy, and of the stir which certain novel questions raise. He was Fellow and Tutor of his college—posts which he resigned in 1869 when he became a Catholic. A year or so later a change in the law would have allowed him to retain his office. After editing the *Month* for many years, during which time I was much in contact with him as regards contributions, etc., he went to the new college at Wimbledon, and from thence to Oxford, where he was glad to find himself again, though under altered circumstances. The new institution he worked up with his usual vigour and success. His impetuous zeal was shown through all these permutations. He seemed always to say more than he intended, not having time or inclination to measure verbal delicacies. I was astonished sometimes to receive from him a rebuke such as might be addressed to a schoolboy. But it was impossible not to feel a sympathy for his eccentric energies. “In his schemes and theories,” says one of his friends, “he was a great enthusiast, and his enthusiasm often led him to miss sight of what might be argued against them. Hence later, when this at last engaged his attention, he showed a tendency to go over to the opposite side, sometimes with a suddenness and fervour which caused amusement to his friends.” This was Father Clarke all over.

Another interesting man—a Jesuit also—was Father HENRY COLERIDGE, brother of the cultured Chief Justice. All this family seems to have a special note—a sort of tone and flavour derived from the poet. Somewhat cold and dry in manner, there was a distinction and culture in what he did and said. He long edited the *Month*, the organ of the Society, and my own many contributions brought me into close contact with him. I once consulted him on a proposal made to me that I should edit Sterne's Works. "Don't soil your fingers with his nastiness," was his advice, which I followed. His religious writings are many; he was fond of editing and directing the work of others. He chiefly devoted himself to a very elaborate life of Our Lord, in many volumes, in which was displayed his deep knowledge of the Scriptures. The affection between his brother and himself was very strong, and the former's interest in the Society was often displayed in many serviceable ways.

One of the most painful and disheartening falls from the faith was furnished by Robert Suffield, who came of an old Catholic family in Norfolk, though he was brought up a Protestant. In 1843 he left the Church of England, studied at Durham, whence he went to St. Sulpice, where he had for fellow student the once admired Loyson. The conjunction

was significant. From henceforth he began his course of a truly zealous priest, joining societies for missions, organising "Peter's Pence," and finally becoming a Dominican. He wrote pious works full of unction and established "Our Lady's Guard of Honour or Perpetual Rosary." The Dominican's "Tertiary Guide" was another of his efforts. In short, his name was everywhere known as one that betokened labour and earnestness in the cause of religion. Of a sudden, in August, 1870, it was found that he had given up his creed, and after a correspondence with Dr. Martineau settled down as a Unitarian minister.

He married the year after his change, and here may be noted the incident that seems almost invariably to attend these lapses. *Cherchez la femme* would seem to be the first impulse. Another revert—Richard Sibthorp's—offers a strange and rather perplexing story. He was son of the once well-known Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. When only about eighteen he ran away to see Bishop Milner and adopt the Catholic faith. He was, however, brought back, sent to college, and ordained to the English Church. After some twenty years' service he was converted—in 1841—an event that caused a prodigious sensation. This, however, proved to be but an emotional business, for within a couple of years he withdrew from all clerical duty, and presently formally returned to the

Established Church. Curious to say, Archbishop Sumner declined to restore his faculties, though he was received later. After some ten years this fitful being returned to the Catholic Church and began to say Mass in his own house, and to preach. He was permitted even to celebrate in Cardinal Wiseman's private chapel. It was remarked, however, that there was a very Protestant tone in his sermons. The last surprise of all was when, on his death in 1879, the English Burial Service was, by his own directions, read over his grave. It is more difficult to speculate as to what the fancy is that so often draws such persons not to the Established Church, but to Unitarianism. Could it be that the abandonment of the Real Presence and the power of consecration should not stop there, but lead on to a complete denial and rejection? All Catholics must feel a sort of horror of Unitarianism, but I have been often surprised to hear some *unco guid* folk speaking of it with curiosity and interest. I believe a good deal of this feeling is owing to the personality of the late Dr. Martineau, whose general fairness in discussion, great talent, and gentle moderation, set his tenets in a rather captivating light.

Real good common sense—in the religious life—is always refreshing. Nowhere is it so necessary as in the direction of religious communities. We find, in

the course of the half-century, some religious women of striking energy and enterprise. One of these powerful forces was that strong character and saintly woman, MOTHER MARGARET HALAHAN. Many have heard the name, and perhaps know that she was a person of piety and energy who had founded many convents, etc., but her life was much more than this, and seems a reproduction of mediæval times. She worked for years in mean houses attending invalids, yet all the while with a love of God in her heart and a longing to *do* something in His service. She wished to be a religious, but was discouraged by her confessor and others. "He did not see his way with me," she would say. "He thought God called me to do something for His honour, but he could not say what." After eight years' probation she was allowed to enter a lay order; and yet this servant girl was destined to found a congregation—trained hundreds of religious women, established five convents, built three churches, a hospital for incurables, three orphanages, schools for all classes, poor schools, and what not, besides infusing quite a new and vigorous system of charity into the hearts of those about her. She was one of the most downright, vigorous-speaking women that could be imagined. Her service to God, which was wholesale and entire, was ever as though she were serving some living person in the world to whom she was devoted heart

and soul. Everything—feelings, politeness—had to give place to this. There was no compromise. Her talk with a Protestant clergyman, who called upon her, was characteristic. “Well, well,” he said at last, “I trust in spite of our differences we shall both one day see the Lord Jesus.” “No, sir,” she replied, “you’ll never see Him unless you are a Catholic, for there is no salvation out of the Catholic Church.” This, he said, was severe. “Well, sir, I can’t argue. I have not the power; but that is the truth. You’ll never see God unless you are a Catholic, and I have nothing more to say.” This gentleman did become a Catholic, and used to say that this plain speaking had much helped him. These seem illiberal sentiments, but she was too downright to compound.

When she heard of the first failure of the submarine telegraph she said bluntly, “I like these gentlemen to know *that God is Master* ;” and on seeing some great engineering works, “O how wonderful! but if men do such things as these they will begin to think they have no need of God.” A Protestant poor woman came to ask to have her child taken in at the schools and get some “learning.” Mother Margaret asked her, “Do you go to any place of worship?” “No, ma’am.” “Does your husband?” “No, ma’am.” “Do you know that you have got a soul and must take care of it?” “Yes, ma’am.” “Then bring your husband with you and come and

see me again. I want to talk to you. And *I'll take the child.*"

Some of her guiding principles seem truly original to us accustomed to the conventional methods. "Never be stingy with our Lord. He will never be outdone in generosity: He alone is grateful." On the same principle she had rarely recourse to begging. The popular notion is that this latter is a sort of counsel of perfection, and the more persistent the better. But this good woman took us on to a higher plane. She would not beg, partly because it was seldom successful, and partly because she always seemed to bear a secret reproach from Almighty God, "Have I ever failed you?" An ennobling thought. "There is always plenty of money," she would say, "*upstairs.*" A favourite maxim of hers was "We cannot know Christ unless we *practise* Christ." When she was severe to her religious she would say, "Well, put it all away now; remember I haven't broken any of your bones; you will bless me for all that one day." A very fine saying was her criticism of the general frivolity and turmoil outside. "The world," she said, "has become a large madhouse, every one living in public and all excitement and worldliness." Most true.* When a priest was

* Even those who were much in contact with her could not help catching some of her enthusiasm and zeal. There is nothing more striking than the story of a little orphan, of whom two of

leaving a place where piety was not flourishing she shed tears and said, "When he is gone the Blessed Virgin will not have a friend left in the place."

"I hope I shall be saved," she said quaintly; "but I think the Blessed Virgin will not let me be lost; it would be very unkind of her if she did. I made a bargain with her that I would work for her, and she was to take care of my soul; so I go on and do what I have to do, and leave my soul to her."

This wonderful woman, without money or means, left behind convents and communities which have since multiplied.

Perhaps one of the most *engaging* pictures of conventual life that has appeared during these latter years is that of MOTHER HENRIETTA KERR, a religious of the Sacred Heart. One might almost

her religious reported that he was without a home, living on the neighbours' charity, now in one house now in another, sometimes sleeping in the street. "And did you know that, and leave the child there?" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes; "go out again this moment and bring the child to my room." It was so done. The child, known as "Polly Providence," was brought in. Another rescued orphan, four years old, had but one idea, the love of God. In his reading lessons he would search out these three letters and kiss them with rapture. And shortly after, when near his death, and about to be confirmed, he was told to choose a name of some saint that he loved, he exclaimed, "Then let me take the name of *God*, for there is nobody I love like Him."

regret that so charming a character was lost to the world, where, if we might speculate, its influence would have had extraordinary results. She was the daughter of a convert clergyman, Lord Henry Kerr, and was born in 1842. She was of striking beauty, and of much attraction from her high spirits, and also her fine spirit, which gained her admiration and affection from hosts of friends. She was in fact suited to adorn society, which she appreciated. But almost from her childhood she seemed to be drawn to religion, not, as so often happens, by a fanciful taste for a conventual life, but because she sought a place where she could best do and work. It was a bitter pang to her family to part with their treasure, and her father, a man of high religious principle, for a time made a sort of passive resistance to the step she proposed to take. But this was merely a natural struggle with his affection, and amounted to no more than putting off for a little what was so painful. Truly pathetic is the account of their parting: they were riding along together and talking of her plan, and she saw how bitterly he was grieving. "He couldn't get on with it at all, and then he pulled out his little à Kempis and tried to read a verse or two to help himself, and I heard he wasn't reading very well, and then I saw that he was crying so that he couldn't." A touching picture. At last, in

September, 1863, her first step had to be taken, and her family went with her to Conflans, where they had to part. Throughout her novitiate and professed life there came from her a series of letters, written home, full of a delightful gaiety, not of "pious jocularly," which is often rather dispiriting, but prompted by a generous, affectionate sympathy and the wish to please. She was a bright creature indeed, and made bright all those about her.

In these early days of conversion there were certain pious ladies of high rank and condition who set the example of a rare and saint-like type of holiness, and who, from their station and zeal and works, were shining lights in the land. This sort of apostolic life is hardly so much sought after now, when a lower and less self-denying rule seems to satisfy. Among these ladies was found LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, the youngest daughter of the first Earl Granville. Born in 1812, she was reared in Paris, where her father was an ambassador, and it was there that she met and married, in 1833, an officer of the Guards, Mr. Alexander Fullerton, from Antrim. It seems extraordinary that in those times a young man from "the Black North" should turn from his own religion to choose that of the obnoxious Catholic. But so it proved, and the young Guardsman was converted. Many may

have thought that it was the pious wife that brought him over, but it fell out differently, and her conversion came later.

Lady Georgiana suffered from one terrible blow, the wound from which may be said to have remained unhealed during her whole life—the loss of her son. It furnished her, however, with a fine, constant opportunity for the exercise of resignation, though the iron was ever in her soul, and drove her with a yet greater impulse into the service of the poor. Thenceforth her image is before us in rusted black, searching out the distressed in the byways and alleys, and bringing relief with her. Besides these individual efforts she essayed much that was on a grander scale. Her friends always remembered her by her peculiar, shabby attire—an old-fashioned suit—possibly that she might go about on her charitable errands unobserved and undisturbed.

There was a story told of her offering to take charge of an old woman's broom at a crossing, and in her absence duly collecting the pence which were given to her without suspicion, as if to the sweeper she represented. What a combination! the ambassador's daughter, the guardsman's wife, the brilliant, fashionable novelist—and a crossing-sweeper! She was the most faithful, watchful daughter of the Church. Every priest she looked on as a hallowed being. Herself, her work and

her purse belonged to the Church. She died in 1885.

As we may often ask ourselves whether we are to see these types of religious life again among us sooner or later, we must admit, reluctantly perhaps, that it is in the fervent convert we chiefly find these exemplars. The motive power that brought them over seems to have impelled them only to further exertions. Lady Georgiana was a woman of genius as a novelist, though this scarcely describes her books, which were written with a high purpose. She had a well-deserved reputation; "Ellen Middleton," "Lady Bird," "Grantley Manor," may be still read with a renewed pleasure. There is a tranquil sincerity about them. One of her stories won the ardent praise of Lord Brougham and Mr. Charles Greville, author of the piquant memoirs. I once heard a delightful little saying of hers which touches the true note of her character. Some gossip was busily retailing to her discomfort some stories about Mrs. —'s "goings on," with "Did you hear this?" and many an "Only fancy, Lady Georgiana!" Too well bred to deprecate or reprove, the sagacious lady would merely repeat, "Well, my dear, how can I help it?" There was something almost humorous in this turn from the charitable assumption that the gossip was appealing to her to abate these abuses. The phrase being

repeated at every fresh detail, the gossip soon dropped the topic.

That interesting man of the world—one also of much good sense and sincerity—Mr. Charles Greville, was taken into the young writer's confidence, who submitted her writing to him for advice and correction. Lord Brougham was also consulted. No doubt much of this interest was owing to the author being a young woman of *esprit* and cleverness, and of high rank. While she was working out the plot and development of character of her story, "Ellen Middleton," it was curious that the same process was helping to work a great change in her own soul, and her tendency to Catholicism was strengthened by the various psychological stages through which her mind was passing.

Charles Greville was associated in an interesting way with Lady Georgiana's friend, that gifted woman, Mrs. Craven. She—the Pauline of the "Récit"—was perhaps the weak one of this fine family. She had not the religious grit and heroism of Olga or Eugenie. She was fond of the world, and admired the clever men and women of the world. Indeed, reading between the lines in her charming chronicle, we can see how comparatively small was the share she took in the grave crises of

the family, which were brought to such successful issues.

Admirable woman as was Lady Georgiana, there is not in her life the same sort of religious romance that we find in, say, Mother Henrietta Kerr's. Her virtues were of the homelier kind. The singular fashion in which her life has been put before us may be accountable for this imperfect view, or, indeed, may have presented a wholly wrong one. Mrs. Craven, it is clear, though heartily admiring her friend's virtue, was more or less outside of her inner life; she was not living with her, and had evidently collected from others the accounts of her pious works and labours.

When her *Life* was to be reproduced in English, a curious thing occurred. It was taken in hand by Father Coleridge, who, for some mysterious reason, proceeded to rewrite portions, omit much, and generally adapt and re-fashion the whole. I have never heard any clear explanation given of this treatment save that the book seemed of too French a cast; but it is clear that a work of delicate touch and feeling must have suffered a good deal by the process. The author was naturally dissatisfied, and the result was not successful.

Mrs. Craven herself, the accomplished La Ferronays, was socially a most charming person, and thoroughly "religious," took great delight in

the world, rather in the men and women of the world. Few had so large an acquaintance among persons of note, and indeed it is surprising to what an extent her name figures in the numerous memoirs of the time.*

This influence of a few good women and pious ladies of position, though working silently and inconspicuously, had its effect in transforming the popular prejudiced view of Catholicism. Their lives and writings have been largely read with an infinite interest, and even a sort of surprise to find that so much that was unselfish and holy could come out of a mere "superstition." It was seen, indeed, that the type and standard was of a wholly unusual kind, and, as it must have struck many, as more nearly approaching the gospel life than the common system. Many of these records came from France, such as the accounts of Madame Swetchine and of the de Guerins, both marked with a simplicity and unaffectedness which gained the admiration of even the average critics of the world. By a happy chance, too, there was a "distinction" and grace of style which commended

* I recall this trait of her high sense of courtesy. I had sat beside her at a luncheon party, when we had much pleasant talk. On going away she had to take leave of a number of persons, and I was passed by, somewhat to my mortification. She reappeared, however, in a few minutes, having come back to say goodbye.

these writings to persons of taste, and which was due to the unaffectedness alluded to. The most striking of all, the one that produced the most profound impression on the world, was the unique book, before alluded to, "*Récit d'une Sœur*," the history of a simple family living in the world, and which opened, to the general astonishment, quite a new and unsuspected method of life set forth with touches of character, dramatic scenes, and an incomparable style which few of the greater novelists have approached. The book, after running through scores of editions and being read all the world over, was "crowned," as it is called, by the French Academy.

It took the authoress, Mrs. Craven, some twelve years to write and put in order; but when her work was completed her difficulties began. Naturally her family objected to have the veil lifted and and to having the details of their sacred and domestic life given to the public. It was, moreover, a story associated with much anguish and bereavement. The husband of one of her sisters, Eugénie, refused to sanction the publication of her letters. A meagre edition of 500 copies was therefore printed for "private circulation." But after a time a sort of clamour arose for a general distribution. In a few months nine editions had been issued—an extraordinary, novel and original thing

—so deep was the impression produced. As another cultivated woman, Mrs. Bishop, who, almost on the eve of her death furnished a *Life of the authoress*, happily described it: “Here were people who had lived in the world according to its actual ways, yet whose inner existence was as mystic as that described by Thomas à Kempis. Mrs. Craven believed in a response from conscience at a time of what Montalambert calls ‘robust incredulity’ and she got it. It was but the story of a love exalted by suffering and sacrifice, the story of six deaths: of lovers bound by ties closer than those which human passions can forge: of parents to whom their children are gifts from God: of children to whom their parents seem guardian angels.”

There is a pleasing sketch of her in Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff's *Diaries*, the author having a sort of passion for the “*Récit*.” Her fancy for associating with politicians like Mr. Gladstone, or the leading French statesmen, somewhat drew her away from the religious life. It, however, brought her in contact with some fine spirits gone astray and was not without a wholesome influence.*

* Thus Mr. Greville aforesaid once found himself with her at a country house—Lord Palmerston's, I think—and was drawn to open his heart to her on the frivolous and most unsatisfactory sort of life he had long been leading. She herself recounts their curious conversations, his longings

Another of these ladies was the amiable MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, erst *très grande dame*, and who had been sorely tried by domestic affliction. Most hospitable was she, and ever glad to welcome her friends and have cheerful *causerie*. It was astonishing that one of the family of that grim convenanter, Lord Roden, should have been converted to the Catholic faith. There were also LADY BUCHAN, the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH, LADY HERBERT OF LEA. These now seem shadows, to the existing generation at least; but it is not so long since they were familiar figures, moving about conspicuously where charity or religion was in question.

There was also LADY LOTHAN, the mother of pious to know, and to do, better, his respect and admiration for the Catholic faith, which he was led on to reveal by his admiration for its strictness as shown by *her*: with, alas! of course, the almost impossibility of change: usual condescension in the case of those men of free-and-easy life, from whom too often comes the compliment, "If ever I were to take up a religion, it should be the Catholic: there is no other." A curious and entertaining episode this; for it is quite unsuspected, from his being associated with volumes of "gossipy" memoirs, so full of shrewd insight into the things of the world, and of much cynical comment. To find that beneath all this there was an instinct, or even a craving, for something good and worthy, was a surprise. Under the graceful sympathetic treatment of Mrs. Craven we may be sure the scene lost nothing.

children, and well known wherever there was a work of charity or goodwill or genuine holiness. She was no cold, austere *dévoté* who will allow nothing to interpose between them and their strict round of exercises ; service of God, not of herself, made her include in her large-hearted sympathies all who were serving Him. One little trait which deeply impressed me at the time will show of what pattern she was. Once at some little domestic festival some of her family were gathered round her, and in the general joy of the meeting it was suggested that all should set off to hear the Opera. Would she only make them happy by joining the party ? She had long been strange to such things, and might have coldly wished they would enjoy themselves while she would await their return. Not so. Wishing to please them, she went up to her room, got out her old finery, jewels even, and decked herself out as best she could, and then with her children repaired to the Opera. This was true amiability.

Such are these few and brief sketches of the more remarkable men and women of this era ; and it will be admitted, I think, that it is an interesting and rather original group of personages.

BOOK IV

CARDINAL MANNING

CHAPTER I

REFORMS : THE SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES

ONCE fixed in his position the new Archbishop was able, with little hindrance, to carry forward the many schemes of reform and improvement which he had matured in a situation of greater freedom and less responsibility. Then men saw revealed in him that powerful will, which did not brook discussion when he considered that the work was of necessity. Not all those under him were disposed to call his system "masterful"; despotic was perhaps more the term. There was something of the Hildebrand in his methods, and "thorough" seemed to be his maxim. He carried all with him in his course, and all before him too, though the old, dreaded Gallicanism, with the spectre of a factious clergy and laity, was presently to confront him.

No one can conceive of the obligation the Catholic

Church is under to this earnest man, to whom it really owes its present discipline, correct and efficient condition. It was the English Church that trained him in these ways : and this early training may have imparted to him a special reverential sense of the sanctity of the priestly or parsonic order ; and this was of vast benefit to Church discipline. Indeed, it should never be forgotten how much we owe in the way of reform to two clergymen of the English Church. We might almost ask, What would the modern and revived English Church have been without the kindly, and it may be foreign, influence of the two " Convert Parsons " — Newman and Manning ?

Thoroughly English in his virtues and methods, he gradually, if slowly, gained more and more toleration and popularity in the country. He was, indeed, an ideal Prelate for the English public, having all the graces and gifts that draw the admiration of congregations. Many of these methods he had brought with him to his new Church. The Catholic Church in England does not offer favourable opportunities for attracting attention or popularity. The stage is a small one, and it was only the personality of Dr. Manning, his energy, and determination to capture the favour as well as the interest of the public, that could have succeeded. His own laudable ambition—shall we

say it?—his vigilance to seize on every advantageous opportunity, his judicious choice of the moment for interposing, his practical and valuable service to the community, his constant contact with public men and the general crowd, his own charm of manner and general efficiency, all joined to attract the eye to his Church, and to win for it not only a steadfast attention but to excite a piquant interest in its proceedings. He found what was virtually a sect in a nation of sects, with a following not amounting to a million or so of persons, without parliamentary interest, wealth, or influence, and before his death he had made it, as a friend of mine once put it, “*a first-class Church*,” really ranking next to the Church of England. Nor were these merely factitious arts meant to secure a temporary advance: it was no more than what the high claims of the Catholic Church and its cosmopolitan character fairly entitled it to. By a firm and judicious self-assertion, his own position came to be recognised: he was on cordial terms with the Bishops and other dignitaries, who seemed glad always to welcome him as their “brother.” There was a general activity and bustle in his methods, and he succeeded in making it a matter of interest what view he and his Church would hold on any particular question. It was always pleasing and dramatic to follow his picturesque course, and the touches of move-

ment which he could impart to any dry questions.

In the course of these inquiries into the Revival of the Faith in England, I found one of the most interesting, and I may say entertaining, studies was the perusal of the various Pastorals, issued by the three Primates who have ruled the Church during the past fifty years. A Pastoral is commonly found to be something conventional—something called for and necessary to stimulate the lagging congregations. In “taking stock,” as I may call it, of the progress of ecclesiastical matters during these years, I found that there was really no formal record of matters of religious interest to be found, save these Pastorals. Any person of culture reading over Dr. Manning’s many performances in this line must be struck by their grace and finished style and their high scholastic treatment.

The substance of most of these addresses have been no doubt “worked into” his sermons and other religious writings. This fine style and liberal, thoughtful cast is particularly found in his review of what was going on around him—of the general social life, its follies and failings, and of the relations between Catholics and the people generally. Here are given summaries, facts, figures, relating to churches, schools, attendance of children, useful

societies, and the rest—which show exactly the gradual growth of Catholic institutions.*

How near these plans were to his heart is shown by what was almost his first public act. When almost at once a project was mooted for honouring the late Cardinal by erecting the great Catholic cathedral which now stands all but complete,† Dr. Manning, while favouring the plan, declared that the neglected children of the city should have the first consideration. Their claim was pressing and absolute, the other might fairly wait. This attitude excited some surprise, but as the issue proved he was meditating a far greater work than the building of a cathedral. He saw truly that this great scheme—with the vast sums it would need—would be a perpetual hindrance to his own cherished work and a ready if genuine excuse for withholding aid. Neither was it, as some fancied, a prejudice: he had at heart a large and settled plan, and it is only by following the long course of his ceaseless labours

* It is a pity that no regular series of these useful records are preserved or filed: many are missing. There are only a few in the British Museum, under the names of the writers. They seem to have been regarded as ephemeral pamphlets, which when they had served their purpose were not worth keeping. Mgr. Johnson has a small collection of Cardinal Manning's. They are now, however, sold at the chapel doors, which will help to his preservation, as what is paid for is likely to be taken care of.

† For a full history of the new cathedral, see Appendix.

that one sees on looking back how large was his view. The policy of his rule was ordered and distinct enough, and he kept steadily before him three objects. The first of these was the care of the poor, the raising of their conditions by aid or sympathy, and above all by furnishing them with religious teaching and education. He was a "Christian Socialist" before the term came to be accepted. It is truly significant that on the very day his appointment was notified to him, his very first thought was of the 20,000 poor children in London, "and I hope, with God's help, to do something for them." Who does not know how firmly and consistently he kept this design before him all through his reign? Another of his high ideals was the restoration of perfect ecclesiastical discipline on the Italian model, the complete reconciliation, as it were, of Catholic England with Rome. This he carried out inflexibly and with perfect success, as any one can see who compares the state of things now with what it was at the death of Cardinal Wiseman. Clergy and Bishops have now but one aim and interest: while the laity, though more absorbed in the world, are as steadfast as were the old Catholics of the 'forties. A more interesting portion of his programme, sufficiently important in its way, was his persistent effort to bring about a reconciliation between the Catholic Church and the

English people—to rouse the interest, dispel prejudices, and bring the two branches of the community into touch. In this, too, he had succeeded before his death; and by the simple method of acting, himself, as the representative of his own flock.

Most persevering was he in the contest which he carried on with the Guardians for years, now gaining something from some Board, flouted by others, but always making some way. At last came the Act of Parliament, which permitted the Guardians to place Catholic children in Catholic schools, when it might be thought the matter was settled. But various Boards still refused to give up the children: on which he again resumed his efforts and persisted with such success that he had reduced the objecting Boards to one or two, until at last he came to see those large and flourishing institutions at Leyton and other places.

In this place we may compare the condition of education as it was a few years after the establishment of the Hierarchy with the improved state of things in 1879. The change was indeed a marvellous one, and due to his persevering efforts. In 1856 there were but 56 boys' schools in the land, under 137 male teachers; and 70 girls' schools, under 243 mistresses. There was accommodation for 66,000 pupils; while there remained a great mass of over

150,000, for whom no education could be supplied. An appalling total! Indeed, one of the inspectors stated that no means existed for furnishing managers or teachers, or for training them, could they be found. Yet by 1879-80 there had been supplied from the training colleges no less than some 500 male, and over 1,000 female teachers. Then as to Government grants. In 1854 it was about £10,907, whereas in 1879 it had mounted to £132,961. In the same year 1,418 schools had been "inspected;" there were 2,253 certificated teachers with 1,997 others, and 161,790 children under instruction. This seemed wonderfully rapid progress in the twenty years or so. In August, 1899, there were close on 4,000 children in certified and non-certified homes, including those chargeable to the Church fund. In the same year there were 35,000 children under education.*

The methods and details of "working" a diocese—little known, at least, to the incurious—are of an interesting kind. Until they are studied no one can have an idea of the immense and multiform calls

* At this moment we have the never-flagging Father Bans with five Reformatory Schools under his administration, and whose difficulty is not so much the support of the numbers under him as of the loss of the 300 and more applicants whom he is obliged to reject for want of accommodation. This, it may be said, is usually the ground of an appeal for help in the case of such institutions, that they are obliged to *refuse* applicants.

and obligations which have to be provided for. A favourite policy of the Church is that in many cases speculative risks must be incurred even where there are no means in hand: the play must be bold and even rash, with reliance on the charity of the faithful as a valuable asset. Without some of this pious recklessness few churches would have been built. A kind of tact or instinct is necessary in such case, with an attendant sort of enthusiasm. Of course there have been some rather disastrous mistakes, but these may have been owing to a lack of these two qualities.*

The multiplication of churches was one of the enterprises in which the untiring Prelate never for a moment relaxed. It might seem an almost herculean task to think of providing means of worship for a whole district when there was neither priest nor school, and only an unknown or widely scattered congregation, yet this was often a typical case. Nothing daunted, he would begin at once, and provide a priest, with something of a small school-room, to serve as a chapel. And how courageous

* In 1894 it was found by "returns" that there were 53 missions burdened by a capital debt amounting to £156,406—that is an average debt on each of something over £3,000. Various charitable institutions at the same period were found to owe nearly £70,000. The amount of annual interest on the whole was about £10,000 a year. These burdens are quite legitimate and with exertion easily capable of being discharged.

and persevering he was in new ventures! On the Annual Sunday, when a collection was made for church building—generally realising a meagre some £300 or so—he would confide to his congregations all his new daring plans and wants—a church to be enlarged here, a new one to be built there: for a schoolroom, doing duty as a church, an iron church was to be erected; or again, for this latter, a new one of stone was to be reared! At such and such places pieces of ground had been bought, and churches were to be begun as soon as funds came in. And so the tale went on, until, rubbing our eyes, we began to think we belonged to some richly endowed Church. But then came a fresh marvel. As the next collection came round, and a year had elapsed, we found that the Aladdin's lamp had been again rubbed, and that a goodly portion of these fair prospects had been realised.

The Cardinal kept one pithy maxim ever in his mind, and never flinched from pressing it—"From the humblest beginnings it will grow up some day into a worthier form. Our great desire then is *to plant a priest wherever a Catholic population distant from our existing churches is to be found*. When we call on you to give for the building of churches, we mean far more than the piling up of oriels or stones." Such is a fine principle—and a practical one too—and there is surely something elevating in the strain.

Here is a further glimpse of his policy in the matter. "There are more than fifty churches," he said, "in London proper, and in each two, three, four, or five Masses every Sunday. Nevertheless a large number of our people are unable to hear Mass. It is necessary to bring the Holy Mass near to them. The surface of London is so vast and the distances between churches so great. It is therefore much to be desired that small chapels and schools should be planted in all the intermediate spaces between our existing churches."

The building of churches often furnishes strange tangled histories—now years of struggle with debts and difficulties of all kinds; of suspended labours and interruption; of a languid and indifferent flock, halting far behind the feverish energy of the pastor. On the other side we have the spirited, never-flagging priest, undaunted by obstacle, by some mysterious art imparting his own zeal and enthusiasm to all with whom he comes in contact. Of this last pattern not a few could be named. To build a single church might fairly exhaust the energies of the pious builder, but it is almost a prodigy to find one who has built, or caused to be built, some half a dozen. Such is Canon Keens, whose practise seems to have been to transport himself from one churchless district to a new one, so soon as he had supplied the want. A great feat in this way was that of the late

Canon Barry, Vicar-General of the London diocese, who was in charge of the Embassy chapel in Spanish Place—an old and much patched fabric. He determined not merely to build a new church, but one that should have almost the pretensions of a cathedral: with the result of erecting the present Gothic fane—a really noble structure. This entailed a vast outlay—some £60,000 or £70,000. These feats may well excite the wonder of the “easy-goers,” who contrive to get nothing done—and know not how to open the world’s oyster. Most folk are persuaded that the way in which money is found for these is through the Sunday collection—an appeal is made, a Pastoral, and so much or so little is given and the thing is put by until the next year. But these results are meagre indeed. The Trinity Church Building Fund, which gives aid to poor missions and is administered by a mixed clerical and lay council, was originally a church building fund—or intended to come to the rescue of poor missions that were in a critical way. Yet in 1893 the collection realised only £229. The fund was to be appropriated to pay some £300 a year of interest on mortgages for church buildings. The General Mission Fund was also absorbed by similar obligations, so over £1,000 had to be borrowed to meet necessary expenses. No wonder it was stated in 1894 that “it would be difficult to describe the anxiety and distress felt, not

only by the Archbishop but by every member of the Council, in having to deal with a number of painful cases of want, without possessing the means necessary for their relief. There are also cases in which entire failure can be staved off only by desperate measures." Some of the appeals that one reads occasionally from some hapless priest, who has to fight a battle in some far-off, desolate mission—without means, with a handful of followers poor as himself and in debt—are almost heartrending. His sole asset is usually a recommendatory letter from his Bishop.

These painful crises must often occur, and the thought of them should make the perfunctory church-goer, who grudgingly gives his shilling or half-crown to the collection, grumbling the while that they recur too frequently—"give pause"—and think of the anxieties and embarrassments which these efforts entail. They should think, too, of the steady persistence, given with unflagging liberality by the poor and by the worthy collectors who in humble missions go round week after week from door to door gathering up pence and halfpence and sixpences. Few know, too, how many are the unostentatious gifts of pious folk among the upper classes who, not giving their names, often come to the rescue with unbounded liberality. "There is not a church or school or a mission," said Cardinal Vaughan lately, "that has not been either substantially aided or

actively built and established by this zeal. The Oratory, the churches of Haverstock Hill, Spanish Place, Fulham Road, are really the work of a few persons. The beautiful churches in Watford, Wapping, Twickenham, Bow, Great Ormond Street, Romford, Homerton, Hampton Wick, Bow Common, St. Albans, the Isle of Dogs, Soho, are all the work of donors."

In 1873 Dr. Manning was able to write in encouraging fashion of the prospects of the Church. He was ever ready to do justice to the strong Christian spirit of the English people, and sometimes even broke into enthusiastic panegyric. "There does not exist in England," he said in 1869, on the eve of the School Board legislation, "more than a handful who would prefer schools without religion, to Christian schools. The people of England are Christian and the education of England is still Christian. It is Christianity which has created our domestic, civil, and religious order. Rudely as was the religious unity shattered, Christian education has survived." He then points to the fact that while £600,000 is all that is granted—that is in these School Board days—for education, "this sum elicits and sets in motion no less than £1,200,000, and which represents what money cannot produce or procure or supply—the energy, zeal, intelligence, activity, and personal service of a vast number of the most intelligent men

and women throughout the country, who counting Christianity dear above all things, and the dissemination of Christianity pure and free above all others, are willing to labour and to deny themselves with exemplary zeal and perseverance in order to extend to others the gift they count to be their own chief good." A fine tribute this to a Christian people.

In July, 1877, he was able to found a regular diocesan seminary. In the previous year his application to the clergy had been very handsomely met, "beyond his expectations." Two sides of the quadrangle intended at Hammersmith were to be taken in hand at a cost of £17,000, of which £12,000 was in hand. The complete institution was a serious and imposing venture, and proved a fine architectural structure and ornament to the place. It was indeed extraordinary, in the unpretending suburb, to see reared two such striking monuments of Catholic piety and charity as this Seminary and Nazareth House. The passer-by might well wonder and admire. It was unfortunate, however, that the first work was no sooner completed than a whole change of system necessitated its abandonment as a seminary, after a really enormous outlay.

A very important question also engaged his attention, that of "the mixed marriages," as they were called, which found in him an intrepid, unflinching opponent. In 1873, when the Synod at Westminster

met after an interval of some fourteen years, the Archbishop and Bishops found it necessary to lay down in clear and solemn terms the sole conditions on which such marriages would receive any sanction. The old free-and-easy fashion of bringing up the boys in the father's religion, the girls in the mother's, had long been outgrown, and it now seems astonishing how any one with *conscientious* feeling of the truth of his religion could so recklessly and yet deliberately barter away his child's future. Three conditions were laid down for obtaining the Church's sanction. The Catholic must be under no constraint and act with perfect liberty. All the children must be brought up in the Catholic faith, both husband and wife giving their personal engagement to the Bishop to this effect. There must be no Protestant rite. In spite of such solemn engagements, promises, etc., it is ever felt that such a constraint can only be of a precarious kind, and must depend upon the honour of the man. According to the law he is entitled, up to a certain age, to settle what shall be the religion of his child. It may be, too, that conscience will by and by begin to assert its claim in the Protestant breast, and the husband may come to think that he is bound to revoke his promise in the spiritual interests of his child. Certainly the law's giving him power to do so is a strong temptation. I think if he *really* acted on purely conscientious motives, and not from lower

ones, he could not be blamed for departing from his engagement any more than a Catholic could be who had rashly made such a promise. The law giving this right to the father, it may be said, works equally in the interest of Catholic as well as Protestant, and, in so mixed a community as ours is, it may be as good a compromise as could be found. It occasionally works some hardship. We can recall the painful Agar-Ellis case many years ago, which caused much sensation and terminated in some of the children being handed back to their father's custody. The Courts, however, are, on the whole, equitable on one point of the application, and where a child has been trained in a religion sufficiently long to fix its roots firmly they will not tolerate a change.*

* Dr. Johnson, in one of his fine illustrations—where he so often unconsciously pierced to the very truth—has shown how even this apparent equity will not bear fairly on the Catholics. Speaking of changes of religion, he said that he could conceive of a Protestant adopting the Catholic faith as he merely super-adds other Christian dogmas to those he already holds; but in the case of a Catholic embracing Protestantism there would be such a “*laceration of mind*,” such a tearing up by the roots of beliefs and associations, that it is impossible there can be much sincerity in the process. I myself furnish a curious example of the easy-going terms on which a mixed marriage was performed some thirty years ago. I was married at an hotel to a Protestant lady, the parson first performing the ceremony in full canonicals, then withdrawing to give place to the Catholic priest, also in his canonicals, who was my old friend the Rev.

It would be impossible to enumerate the many minor points where the Archbishop restored strict discipline: as with the once familiar "having Mass in the house," nothing would induce him to relax his rule—not even in the case of the dead or dying.

Dr. Russell, of Maynooth. This took place with the fullest ecclesiastical sanction. I may be pardoned for saying that the privilege was accorded from perfect confidence in my own staunchness and in anticipation of the result that followed. It was of necessity that the priest should come second, as it was then a felony for a priest to marry a Protestant to a Catholic.

CHAPTER II

BISHOPS ULLATHORNE AND GRANT

IN these labours, however, the new Archbishop did not work alone, but received valuable and enthusiastic aid from two Prelates—one of whom ~~was~~ ^{Godle -} his suffragan; and as they were men of mark I propose in this place, to turn aside for a few moments to speak of Bishop Ullathorne and Bishop Grant. These remarkable men in their course did wonderful work, but they were overshadowed, as it were, by their Metropolitan. They had no showy gifts, and were of the old school: hence, it must be said, they were not in much sympathy with their Archbishop.

The average Protestant will find much to admire in the sterling virtues of Dr. Ullathorne. A fine, attractive specimen was he of the solid Englishman—strong and sturdy in nature; in business, capable: of remarkable piety, and also, as it is called, a man of the world. His character was strongly marked and stands out, while his life was adven-

turous and even dramatic. Many are the advantages of a training from youth upwards spent in a sequestered life and of being brought up specially for the priesthood in the air of seminaries. But the character that has passed through the storm and stress of hard struggle—that has battled through rough ways and rough times, encountering difficulties at every turn, is likely to bring to the service of religion fine powers of action and most valuable assistance. Such were the rude experiences of Dr. Ullathorne, which, it is clear, left their mark upon his nature.

In his unaffected autobiography, the work of his later years—written, too, with much artistic charm and power—he tells us how he came of a good old Yorkshire family: the grandfather had owned landed estates, and had married a descendant of Sir Thomas More, but the property had been forfeited in “the ’45.” The father was a shoemaker and later a farmer. The Bishop was born in 1806, and as a boy went away to sea in a small merchant vessel, making long voyages to Russia and other countries, enduring a very rough life; but he always kept to his faith, “said his prayers” very devoutly, and testified to his religion manfully before others. It was natural, therefore, that while a mere youth, without effort or difficulty he wholly changed his life and went to Downside to study

for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1831, and the next year, being asked to go out to Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called, as Vicar-General to Dr. Morris, Bishop of Mauritius, consented with alacrity. The colony was then undeveloped, with only a single priest; and here he began his wonderful record of labours, journeyings, ministerings to convicts, organising of parishes, in which he proved what wonders—nay, miracles—can be done by a man of earnest faith, penetrated with a single aim and purpose. He lived to see his Church in Australia flourishing to an extraordinary degree, provided with a great hierarchy which suggested our own, and with convents and monasteries.

After his return to England, having been dismissed by his Archbishop for the reason that he had declined to aid him by accepting a bishopric, he had virtually to begin life again. He was now almost a stranger in the land, used to colonial methods and manners, and to dealings with the roughest class of men. But his energetic character soon attracted attention and marked him out for a bishopric at home. Transferred to Birmingham, he speedily became known, and his efforts in his diocese brought wonderful improvements and reforms. Not the least interesting point in his life was his intimate connection with Dr. Newman, which continued

many years. To him he gave his fullest sympathies; indeed, their minds were of the same broad cast. Newman appears to have given him his entire confidence in his many troubles, and to have been guided by his advice and counsels. If ever the oft-promised Life of Cardinal Newman comes to be written it will be found, I think, that the key to most of these delicate transactions was in the keeping of Dr. Ullathorne.

Bishop Ullathorne was nigh forty years Bishop of Birmingham. In that great city he was a popular and much respected personage, and always looked on himself as a prominent citizen, with duties to his town and to his country. Dr. Newman, in his "Apologia" declared that were he to point out a straightforward English man, he should instance Dr. Ullathorne—the justice of which praise will strike all who are familiar with his life and character. It was a curious chance that brought men of such similar views and character into the same diocese.*

In whatever direction we look we find traces of

* Dr. Ullathorne was a Benedictine, though he had but slight experience of the cloister. This, indeed, was the case with most of the efficient members of St. Gregory's College, who were drafted away to active service. Such was the case with Archbishop Polding; indeed, no fewer than nine Bishops up to the year 1874 had been supplied by Downside.

the labours of this most energetic of Prelates, whether as a Bishop, as missionary, as extender of churches, as founder of communities, writer, adviser or correspondent. He was never at rest. He once stated to a friend of my own, Mr. Edmund Dease, that he had received into the Church over one hundred of the Anglican clergy.

A man so various in his life and occupations must acquire a knowledge of character and of the art of management. Some of his principles are truly wise. "It is well," he said, "after thinking over persons and things, to let them rest altogether for awhile, you then come back to them fresh and unentangled with fixed ideas. It is remarkable how often, when you take time to think a matter over, you come back to your first impressions; when this is the case, you may generally trust those impressions, as it proves pretty clearly that you have thought the subject all round. A solution always comes if you are willing to wait for it." "We are apt to mistake the bringing out of evil with the evil itself, whereas it is the cessation of evil. Don't be too anxious about results. Be sure of this, that no harm ever comes of doing what is right." "Never let a trouble get inside of you; as long as you keep it outside, you command it, inside it commands you."

It would sound strange at this moment to hear of a Bishop being sent to gaol. The public conscience

would be shocked. Yet such a thing occurred in the year 1853, when Dr. Ullathorne and his friend Dr. Moore were actually incarcerated in Warwick gaol. The temper of our time would hardly suffer that a Bishop who had shares in a bank as an endowment for his mission work, should be held to answer with his person for the value of those shares when the bank failed.

It fell out in this way. A Mr. Martyn had given the Bishop and others eighty shares of the Monmouth and Glamorgan Bank as an endowment for the Radford Mission. In 1851 the bank stopped payment, and the holders of the shares, nominal as they were, became liable for the debts of the Bank. Dr. Ullathorne and his friends borrowed £1,000 as a satisfaction and paid it over, but £5,000 was demanded. The managers expected that the faithful would come forward with this same, and "put the screw" on by threatening to imprison their Bishop. The courageous Prelate, however, confronted the situation and was actually immured in Warwick gaol for a short time, not more than ten days, when an appeal to the courts set the prisoners free. No doubt according to the law of the day the proceeding was legitimate enough.

The collection of Dr. Ullathorne's letters offers a bracing presentment of Catholic feeling and Catholic work. Here we have the fruitful and sagacious pro-

duct of genuine principle. There is no compromise ; as we read we endorse everything. He was a true Bishop and a fine character. Everything he says is practical and useful. The effect of the book is, as we read, that we are in a truly Catholic atmosphere.

In a sermon delivered in October, 1872, after some twenty years' experience of the hierarchy, the Bishop gave this general appreciation of the Episcopate: "Never were the Bishops of the Church placed in a better position for the exercise of their office. The Bishop is strong, because he is free ; because he lives a simple, frugal life ; because he is a Bishop, and nothing but a Bishop. He is strong in the affections of his people, of a people who hold the faith with loss of advantage in this world that makes the representation of that Faith all the dearer to their souls. And he is vigorously strong, because more closely united than ever with the Apostolic Church. Such is a Catholic Bishop of this nineteenth century." This is a very true picture, and the student of history, particularly, will contrast the points of advantage with the conditions of other times and of other countries where they have been, and are still, fettered seriously.

The reader, I fancy, will be pleased with this sketch of a really sterling character. By way of contrast, let us turn to another of a different pattern,

but distinguished for his saintly work and spirit of sacrifice, Dr. Grant. This remarkable man carried the idea of service and duty to the utmost.

The image of Bishop Grant, of Southwark, has now much faded out—so remote is his era. His life, however, has been written in unaffected style by Kathleen O'Meara, and is an astonishing record of work and devotion and self-sacrifice. We may wonder where are such spectacles now; though the flattering unction may be laid to the soul that all the rough work is done, and that there is no need for extravagant exertion. With Bishop Grant everything was duty.

He was one of those who cannot recognise illness, or consent to be ill. His day and his time seemed to him to belong to Another, to be occupied with His work. In this spirit his episcopal life went by, filled with pious employment and plans. He seemed to hold that everybody he encountered was in his diocese. This interest in any one whom he could benefit in some way, or at some cost, was truly extraordinary, and he was even ready to *waste* his whole self—his strength, his time, his life—when-ever he saw an opening for doing some good to one of God's souls. His zeal in these individual instances was unflagging and unceasing, and was ever fresh as new individuals presented themselves.

He had been known to write forty letters at a sitting, each expressive of eagerness to do something, or at least to show how aid was to be obtained. Perpetual movements, journeyings by day and night, the going without food or comforts, expenditure of money—nothing was considered where the interests of souls were in question. There was a convent at Norwood where he would say Mass for the community at about six o'clock. After a chilling night in the train, when he was surely entitled to a rest, he would be found at the appointed hour, bag in hand, ringing at the convent gate! *

The most striking thing of all was the fashion in which, during his last days, he seemed to ignore and even despise his terrible ailment (a cancer), which allowed him neither food nor repose. His soul, he thought, though not his body, was still due to the complete service of his Maker. No alleviation was permitted in his life. When actually dying, he

* There is a description of a scene between him and the wife of a convert, a lady who was irreconcilable, and set no bounds to her wrath when he tried to propitiate her. The common limits of politeness were far overstepped, when he suggested humbly that they should at least kneel down together and say a prayer. This proposal was scornfully and almost abusively rejected. He then went himself on his knees and put up a prayer, to the further wrath of the dame. But he was patient, and within a short time the lady adopted her husband's faith.

repaired to Rome, for the Council, contrived to force himself along through the weary journey, and seized the respite brought by the change as a valuable opportunity for fresh labours, in the midst of which actually he died.

To his personality Catholics are indebted for a striking change in their position towards the State. It is curious to think that within living memory there was a general ignoring by the authorities of the religious feelings and scruples of Catholics. There were no special arrangements for the poor, or for education, or religion in the regular services and other things: there were the common rules to which Catholics, like others, must conform. This seems strange now, when the claims of conscience are so studiously cared for.

Being of a genial temperament, and having the valuable gift of wishing to please all whom he encountered, Dr. Grant laid himself out to establish favourable relations with those in authority, to whom his genial manners commended him, and more particularly his guarded practice of asking only for what could reasonably be conceded, of making all allowance for the difficulties of the case, taking what he could get "on account," as it were, and receiving it gratefully. This system naturally made him *persona grata*. He came at last to be the regular channel of all such communications. It is

known that on Cardinal Wiseman's death Lord Palmerston intimated his desire to the Papal Government that Dr. Grant should succeed.

When the Crimean War broke out in 1854 it was the Bishop who applied to have Catholic military chaplains appointed, and it was apparent that otherwise they would not have been provided, at least at that moment. But when consent was obtained there arose a serious difficulty in obtaining persons who were to fill the office. Owing to the meagre numbers of the clergy, only two or three could be secured in Dr. Grant's own diocese, one of whom was Canon (afterwards Bishop) Butt.

A very pleasing and edifying incident of the arrangement was the prompt despatch of the Bermondsey nuns to the seat of the war under the direction of Miss Nightingale. The whole of this episode, from its inception to its close, exhibited the Catholic virtues in so winning a fashion that it is not too much to say that we may trace to it the extraordinary good feeling and favour with which nuns and their work have ever since been regarded. These ladies, with their Superior, started literally at a days' notice, sending out hurriedly to purchase a few wraps. The party consisted of five, eventually increased by five more volunteers from the Norwood convent.

All know what devotion and invaluable aid these

faithful women gave to the sick and wounded soldiers—how they faced cholera and other malignant diseases with the utmost cheerfulness and never-failing energy. These virtues made an impression on all, particularly on the amiable and devoted chief of the party, Miss Nightingale, between whom and her companions a genuine affection sprang up. Stories, many will recollect, were circulated at the time of that lady's cold and despotic bearing. It was thought that though always just, she looked with disfavour on the system and practices of her Catholic subordinates.*

* That there was no foundation for these stories is plain from the letter she addressed to the Mother Superior on the conclusion of their labours. "You know," runs this very remarkable tribute, "that I shall do everything for the sisters whom you have left me. But it will not be like you . . . I will try and remain in the Crimea for their sakes as long as we, any of us, are there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Revered Mother, because it would look as if you had done the work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintending both in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior; my being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault. . . . I have now only to say that I hope you will not withdraw any of the sisters now here till the work of the hospital ceases to require their presence. . . . I will care for them as if they were my own children. But that you know, and now it is a sacred duty. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. If I thought your valuable health would be restored by a return home, I should not regret it; but I fear if you do not give up

In Bishop Grant we have a spectacle of a man frail of body and worn with disease, using his life like some machine "for all it was worth," and getting out of it "every ounce" of service for the glory of his Maker. Nothing failed him; nothing was ever omitted to the very last hour.

Dr. Ullathorne's tribute to his brother prelate is admirable and loving.

"A saint," he wrote, "has departed from this world. The singleness of his heart and purpose was the same from innocent childhood to his innocent departure. He was a child of prayer and a slave of duty and of charity. A great sufferer, he never relaxed, even to the last moments of his life, from

work for a time, your return to Bermondsey will only be the signal for greater calls. However, it matters little, provided we spend our lives for God, whether, like our Blessed Lord's, they are concluded in three-and-thirty years, or whether they are prolonged to old age. I do not presume to give you any other tribute but my tears, and as I shall soon want 'a character' from you, as my respected sister G—— would say, I am not going to give you 'a character.' But I should like the Bishop to know that you were valued here as you deserve, and that the gratitude of the Army is yours." There is a story that when the French nuns of St. Vincent de Paul first came to Westminster, they were followed by a howling mob, jeering at their peculiar caps. But on passing the Wellington Barracks, the soldiers at the gate, recalling that their trusty nurses had been nuns, sounded an alarm, and rushing out, rescued them and dispersed the mob.

incessant work. He was always praying, reading, writing, thinking of everybody but himself. He moved necessarily through his diocese, did everything himself, and yet he took care his clergy should know where each day the post would find him. He has been dying for the last two years, yet never has languor, pain or exhaustion from sleeplessness and incapacity from taking food, interfered with his spirit of labour, his forgetfulness of self, and his thoughtfulness for everybody. Death has been repeatedly close to him, and he saw its nearness, yet it neither changed the tone of his mind, nor the unwavering gentle humour of his character. He made no scenes, he took no attitudes. His memory was clear, his mind vivid, his speech equable to the last. He was not only the light of our episcopal meetings, but the laborious drudge. He furnished knowledge, and Roman as well as English experience, and wrote our documents or directed their composition, and at times did both at once, never for a moment all the time losing the thread of the discussion; and putting in a light now and then whilst still engaged on his papers, and on the papers of his next neighbour whom he was helping. Yet this was often done in a state of distressing suffering which only those realised who were accustomed to watch him closely. I have seen him when inwardly writhing in corporeal and mental sufferings, subjected

to sharp reproaches and rebukes, when he had at that very moment in his pocket a letter from Rome justifying his proceeding and encouraging it. Yet all he did was to put his face in his hands and pray. I have heard him blamed for the excess of his charities and leaving himself nothing, and especially where the needs of his priests were concerned. He was secret in many good works. It will never be known in this world to how many persons, of all ranks and of many countries, he has been a light in the darkness, a friend in need, or a guide in doubt. His method of doing everything without delay, and his power of summoning his whole will into his work, and of doing just the right thing as if by instinct, gave him a complete command of himself and of the minutes as they passed of every day and hour. His intellect was acute rather than broad, and his moral force (beyond his purity of heart) was not so much the outflow of a naturally large, genial heart as it was the result of his unceasing habit of fidelity to prayer and to labour for God's sake. Doing something for another, he said, 'You know one can always get a thing done, if one has courage to bring up the will to its work.' He brought up his will to the work until he became all will, and that will overworked a body that was for so many years both weak and languid, and inexpressibly suffering."

He goes on to describe how a few days before his death the Bishop fainted away, discharged blood from his mouth, yet gave the Benediction in the church. The day before his death "he was at our table entertaining us as usual, eating only in name, and looking like death. Last night after the Benediction he received Extreme Unction, and at one o'clock this morning he died; being sensible and clear in mind almost to the last."

END OF VOL. I.

